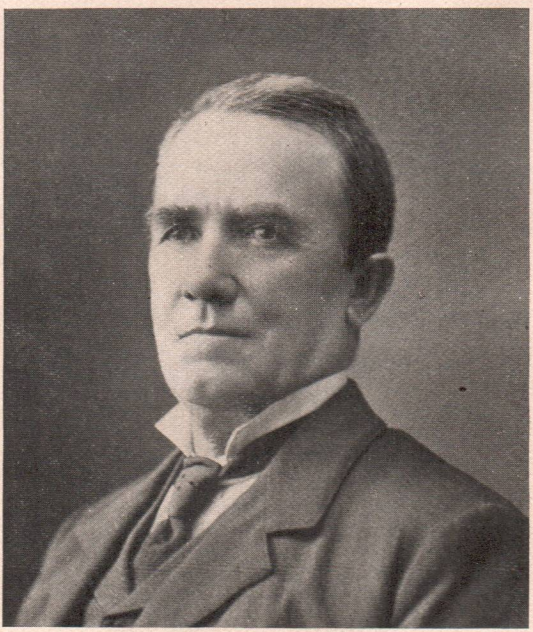
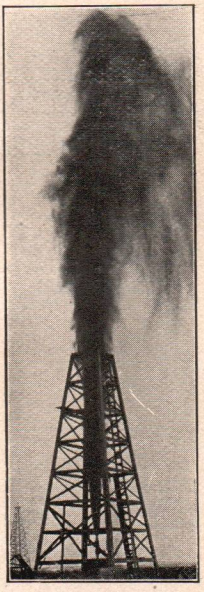


ALFRED WILSON SMILEY.

A FEW SCRAPS

OILY AND OTHERWISE



BY

ALFRED WILSON SMILEY.

1907.
THE DERRICK PUBLISHING CO.,
OIL CITY, PA.

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ERRATA.

Page 95, fourth line from bottom, for Duccan read Duncan.

Page 183, second line from top, for 1800 read 1880.

Page 200, last line should read, Lawrence from Beaver and Mercer.

DEDICATED

TO

MY GRANDSON,

ALFRED WILSON SMILEY

THE SECOND

MRS. A. W. SMILEY.

PREFACE.

Personal memoirs of great men written by themselves and left to posterity have added much to the world's history. Not all great men, however, have done this. That I am not great or famous is no fault of my own, simply a decree of providence over which I had no control.

It might have been better to have left the custom confined to men of fame and reputation, but of late many in the common walks of life have seen fit to face the fate of public opinion by writing something about themselves. Therefore, being but a common plodder in the ranks, I fully appreciate the risk of a severe criticism in attempting to jot down a few lines of incidents, personal experiences and observations, in the oil regions of Pennsylvania, covering a period from the Drake well down and as far south as Clarion and Butler counties, and in so doing I earnestly hope I may not be considered as trying to pose as a historian or classical writer, for by education I am not fitted for either.

It was my fortune (and I have met fortune going both ways) to have been a humble actor from the beginning, and therefore I had an opportunity to know quite well all the leading characters and events, and that fact will be my excuse for writing somewhat in the first person. With the exception of some references to authentic history, I shall attempt nothing but facts as they came under my own personal observation, and trust that my critics will be charitable.

A. W. S.

September, 1907.

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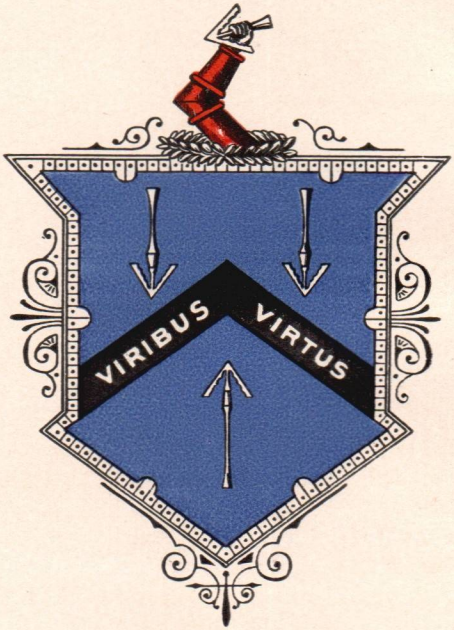


SMILEY ARMORIAL ENSIGN.

This ensign was conferred upon the ancestors of one John Smylie, Barrister, resident of Dublin, Ireland, probably in the seventeenth century.

It was confirmed by the Crown through Sir William Betham, Knight Deputy of Ulster, King of Arms, in 1815, and duly recorded. The original document spelled the name Smylie, the confirmation document records it as Smyly, but these forms, with Smilie, Smiley, etc., are but English variations of spelling the original Scotch name.

CHAPTER I.

A LITTLE matter of four hundred years is not so much, when measured along the track of time, yet I came that near having fame and greatness thrust upon me, as the accompanying cut, which has been traced direct to my ancestors, will show.

Coming from Scotland to America, about the middle of the eighteenth century, was one William Smiley, who, upon his arrival in this country, settled in the vicinity of Philadelphia, Pa. He had three sons, namely, John, Thomas and James, all born in America, and who were the respective heads of three lines of our stock of the name, in Pennsylvania. When grown to manhood, John Smiley moved to and settled at Carlisle, Pa., and was the father of the Cumberland county branch, where many of his descendants are yet living in the counties of Cumberland and Perry. Thomas and James Smiley drifted to the northwestern part of the state. Thomas Smiley located at Franklin, Pa., and was father of the Venango county line, his descendants are yet numerous in that vicinity and many

of them have honored the community in which they live with a conspicuous citizenship. James Smiley, my grandfather, who was a miller by trade, went to the foot or outlet of Conneaut Lake, where for several years he was employed as miller at the only mill then in that section of the country. The location of that little old mill is yet plainly to be seen, a few hundred feet down Conneaut creek below the lake. After a few years at that place he moved and settled permanently in the then wilderness in Erie county, near where the town of Union City now stands, and was father of the Erie county branch, of which the writer is a member. My grandmother, Margaret Kirkpatrick Smiley (full Scotch), was married to James Smiley near Carlisle, Pa., in the year 1800. James Smiley died at Union, January 13, 1840. Margaret Kirkpatrick Smiley died at Union, July 16, 1849. My ancestry on my mother's side was somewhat mixed.

The name of Wilson is very numerous in the southern portion of Scotland, and the northern part of Ireland, nearly all of them being known as Scotch-Irish Presbyterians. James Wilson (full Scotch), one of the signers of the Declaration of Independence, and who took a prominent part in framing the Constitution of the United States, was born at St. Andrews, Scotland, Sept. 14, 1742.

He was educated at Edinburg and Glasgow. He came to the United States in 1763, practiced law at Philadelphia, Carlisle and Reading, until the breaking out of the Revolution, in which he was a conspicuous figure. He was one of the first justices of the United States Supreme Court. He died at Edenton, N. C., in 1798. My grandfather, Hugh Wilson, although an Irishman by birth, was a grand-nephew of James Wilson, mentioned above. Hugh Wilson was born at Gray Abbey, County Down, Ireland, October 16, 1773. He emigrated to America in 1792, landing at Wilmington, Del., in 1794. At Bedford, Pa., he joined the army, under General Washington, then on its way to quell the Whiskey Rebellion at Pittsburg, Pa. While west he tilled one season the farm of Jacob Neesley in Virginia, a part of which was the group of islands in the Ohio river opposite the mouth of Yellow creek, known as "Neesley's Cluster." Returning east to Centre county, Pa., he married Hannah Frampton, and in 1797 located his home permanently in Union township, Erie county, Pa. Here he received a commission as Justice of the Peace from the Governor, Thomas Mifflin, under which he did all the business, including marriages, for the entire southeastern part of the county up to the fall of 1817, when he resigned. Before coming to

America he had received a good education at Belfast, Ireland. He was one of the troops who protected the building of Perry's fleet at Erie, in 1813. In 1820 he joined the Presbyterian church at Union, under the care of Amos Chase, uncle of the late Chief Justice of the United States, Salmon P. Chase. A pioneer in the Temperance reformation, he thought it inconsistent to use tobacco and abandoned it. Any mention of Hugh Wilson would be incomplete without reference to his strength physically. He was known as one of the strongest men in the surrounding country. To show his strength at public gatherings he would take a full barrel of whiskey by the chines, raise it to his breast and drink out of the bung. I might add that it was not so much of a disgrace then to take a drink of whiskey as it is now—one hundred years later. The article was not the villanous compound it is at present. He was once attacked by a full grown bear in the woods, fought single-handed and killed it, with no weapon but a small axe. That little old axe is now in possession of my son Roger M. Smiley, of Knox, Clarion county, Pa. My grandmother, Hannah Frampton-Wilson, was of Pennsylvania Dutch stock, born at Kishacoquillas, Mifflin county, Pa., July 22, 1774. In 1798 she passed through a two-hundred mile wilderness, without roads or bridges, to

her new home in Union township, Erie county, and her second daughter, Martha Wilson, was the first white child born in what is now that township.

Hugh Wilson died at Union, July 28, 1851; Hannah Frampton-Wilson died February 11, 1852. These good old people left a character for virtue and honesty that should be emulated by all their descendants.

So it will be seen in my make-up that I am Scotch enough to be contrary, Irish enough to be belligerent, and Dutch enough to be an enigma.

There is a record in my mother's old Bible to the effect that I discovered America near Union City, Erie county, Pa., July 16, 1843.

I believe that it is true that as a man grows older the memory of his birthplace and boyhood days comes back to him with increasing interest. Looking back over my sixty-four years of life I realize that my most happy days were as a boy on the old farm playing with my brother and sisters.

When I was born the little village hamlet of Union Mills (now Union City), contained less than a score of homes. A grist mill, saw mill, blacksmith shop, and a couple of country stores comprised the business. The place, however, was an important point on the stage coach routes, which were then the only means of con-

veyance. There were three country taverns to accommodate this business, which was very considerable, for the reason that the place was a center from which the stage routes diverged for Erie, Meadville, Titusville and Warren, Pa.; also for Jamestown and other points in Western New York.

The Sunbury & Erie railroad was built through the town in 1858. This was then the nearest railroad point to Titusville.

The excitement following the Drake well strike in 1859 made the place quite lively, as a large share of the business for Titusville came and went from there. It was then that the place had its innings as an oil town.

Up until the Oil Creek railroad was built from Corry, large quantities of oil were hauled here by wagon for shipment by rail. Many teams and wagons were required to convey freight and express to the Titusville excitement; also many stage coaches for conveyance of passengers. George H. Bissell, Jonathan G. Eveleth, Col. E. L. Drake and many other notables, who have made oil history, frequently came and went by stage.

This all ceased when the railroad was built to Titusville. The town did not, however, go back, but kept on growing and now, 1907, with a population of about 5,000, is one of the brightest, clean-

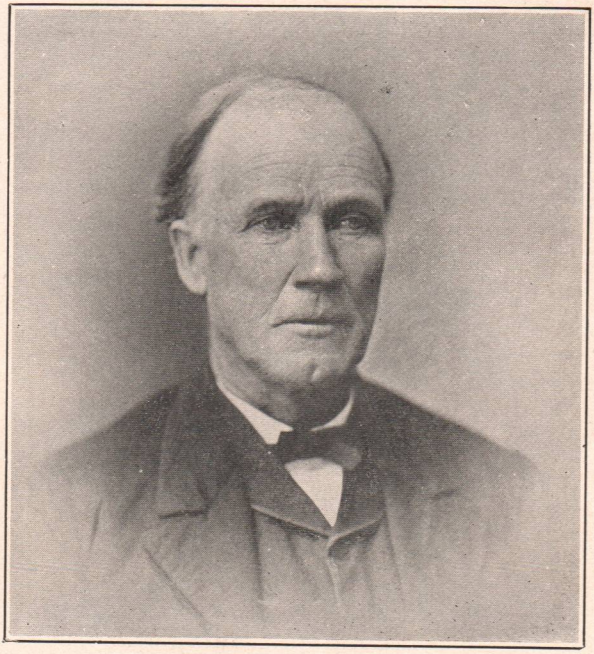
est up-to-date little cities in Western Pennsylvania. It claims more manufacturing industries than any town of its size in the State.

The main line of the Erie railroad system, also the Philadelphia & Erie division of the Pennsylvania railroad, now run through the town.

It was there that I was born, it was there I received what little education I have, it is there that my father and mother are buried.

My father died January 23, 1894, at the age of 80.

My mother died December 30, 1906, at the age of 93.



My Father, John Smiley.

My Mother, Rachel Smiley.

CHAPTER II.

MY educational advantages were meager, consisting of what the common country district school afforded at that time, in addition to what I learned hoeing corn, following a plow, riding a mowing machine, and in the woods with an axe. As a boy I worked some in my father's grist mill and learned the trade of a miller. My boyhood life up to about seventeen years of age was not materially different from that of the average farmer boy. The pleasures and pastimes were principally skating in the winter, going swimming in the summer and stealing apples in the fall. It was not because of a scarcity at home that I would join the apple foraging parties, but they always seemed to taste so much better from an orchard a mile or so away through the woods. Our school terms were three months each, in the summer and winter. I remember that I floundered through Davies' arithmetic, the common spelling book, and Saunders' reader up to and including the fifth. There was no gynasium or athletic training connected with the district school I attented. In

this connection I had a little experience the summer I was fourteen years old that I shall never forget. There was no railroad to the town at that time. Circuses and shows traveled overland by wagon. A circus was billed for a certain date and the boys were all excited. I had overcome the trick of turning a hand-spring either way, and in turning backwards I could, after a few flops, wind up with a somersault. Among the boys this was considered a great accomplishment. There was another boy about my age who was also a performer. His great forte was to walk on his hands or balance a feather or broom on his nose. We pooled our issues and decided to go with the circus when it came along. We were early on the ground the morning the show arrived and showed some of the men putting up the canvas what we could do. We were not engaged that day, but concluded to follow the show to the next town, which was Wattsburg, distant eight miles, walking all the way. Still we were not among the talent there, either in the afternoon or evening. The next town the show was due at was Erie, fourteen miles distant. That night, when leaving Wattsburg we were permitted to ride in the rain on one of the wagons, loaded with seat boards, and on our arrival at Erie we were, to use a latter day expression, about all in, and ready to return.

Luckily we ran across a team from Union and got a ride back. Of course, it had been reported about home that we had run away with the show. When we got home late at night there was not much said. Mother asked me if I was hungry and got me some bread and milk. I overheard father say to mother that they had better kill the prodigal, now that the calf had come home.

I recall with sorrow that the little schooling I received before I was seventeen was the end of my school advantages. This suggests a disappointment I have felt with every passing year.

When a boy I had read in the Bible about "Oil out of the flinty rock," (Deut. 32:13), and "the rock poured me out rivers of oil," (Job, 29:6), but I could not at that time believe it.

Long before any white man had made a habitation in the western part of Pennsylvania, or western New York, the territory was inhabited by a tribe of Indians known as the Senecas. They were one of the tribes comprising the six nations. They have left but few monuments or records, but to those who have passed much of their lives in the woods, there are undisputed evidences that, as a race, they are to-day much undervalued. We are apt to think of them as Indians only, and our idea of Indians is of the low brute, who for two centuries has been

retreating before the advancing line of civilization. A remnant of the Senecas still remains on a reservation along the upper Allegheny river in Cattaraugus county, N. Y. One of the most important camping grounds of the Senecas was on the flat land adjoining Oil creek, about one and one-half miles above its mouth, or near the location of what was once McClintockville. This tribe of Indians had many chiefs who are mentioned in Indian history, but the one we know the most about, and the one which nearly every school boy has read about, was the Cornplanter. He was not a full blooded Indian, being part French, and his right name was John O'Bail, and the flat land adjoining Oil creek for some distance above its mouth was long known, and is yet frequently referred to as O'Bail's Flats.

From time unknown these Indians had gathered oil from the surface of the water along Oil creek, using it as a medicine, also to paint and decorate themselves and for fire purposes in their peculiar rites and ceremonies at their large gatherings, and this is supposed to be the reason that it took the name Seneca oil.

Petroleum and rock oil are one and the same. In Latin, petra—rock, oleum —oil.

My home was about twenty-five miles from Titusville, near which place the

DRAKE WELL.

COLONEL DRAKE.

Drake well was struck on the 28th day of August, 1859.

The surrounding country was greatly excited at the news that Seneca oil in large quantities had been found near Titusville in a well drilled seventy feet deep. In the excitement following it seemed that everybody was trying to get to that point. With hundreds of others I arrived at Titusville in the early spring of 1860. Being a strong, active boy, seventeen years old, I soon found employment helping to kick down a well not far from and in sight of the Drake well.

This was the beginning of my somewhat checkered career in the business. Probably no portion of Pennsylvania has a history more replete with stirring events than the valley of Oil creek between Oil City and Titusville.

It was here that the petroleum business was launched on its astonishing career, and it was here that many men got the start that eventually placed them among the most famous financiers of the world.

If the collection of material for a history of the oil business in Pennsylvania had been commenced earlier it might have been made vastly more interesting and instructive, but the graves have closed over most of the men whose names are connected with the early developments.

With each passing year the old pioneers become less and less a factor in the

business, they are (either by death or old age) slowly retiring to make room for a newer generation and younger blood. The men who are coming to the front know only by tradition of the exciting times in the early sixties.

All along the line the old-timers are falling out of active participation.

Of those who saw the business in its infancy but few remain.

A nobler model of human character could hardly be proposed to the people of the Pennsylvania oil regions than that which their own history supplies. The men who were instrumental in starting the business on its march to greatness have left behind them a record unsullied, and with few memories calculated to awaken the regret of mankind. To their credit they established the business on a basis of fair play, honest dealings, and good fellowship. The reputation of the oil men of Pennsylvania the world over bears ample testimony that these qualities have been fully maintained down to the present time. These old times are the greenest spots in the memory of those who lived in them.

Our admiration is strengthened, and our appreciation warmed when we look back and remember that we knew personally nearly all of the old pioneers, and we must confess to a feeling of admiration for the character of these men.

JOHN D. ROCKEFELLER.

CHAPTER III.

THESE few lines are not intended as a history of the petroleum business which is so much a matter of tradition, familiar to all. To attempt a minute history the double difficulty would be encountered, not only of rehearsing well-worn statements, but also that of brushing away many errors, which from the peculiar circumstances attending the excitement of the early commercial developments, have grown from constant repetition to be considered facts.

It would require much time, hard work, patience and energy for the most expert historian to prepare in form any detailed incidental history of the petroleum business, and the early developments of that wonderful industry on Oil creek and vicinity. The subject matter is big and broad enough for the pen of the most tireless writer, or the eloquence of the greatest orator. While innumerable articles in newspapers, magazines and periodicals, as well as compilations in book form have from time to time been given to the world, no detailed incidental history has ever, to my knowledge, ap-

DANIEL O'DAY.

peared, and probably never will, as such a work would be a stupendous undertaking. The statistical records, however, have been fairly well preserved and recently put in volume form by the Derrick Publishing Company, of Oil City, Pa., under the supervision of P. C. Boyle, Esq. "The Hand Book of Petroleum" is a most valuable work for those wishing to study the statistical side of the subject, as well as important data. "Sketches in Crude Oil," by John J. McLaurin, of Franklin, Pa., is the nearest approach to incidental history that has yet appeared; a highly interesting volume, which ought to be in the possession of every old-timer of the early business.

Should I take occasion to quote somewhat from these works I desire to give full credit therefor, and feel sure that my old-time friends, Boyle and McLaurin, will not censure me for purloining.

I live in hopes, however, that more of the incidental happenings of the early business may be saved from oblivion by those who are yet alive and who were participants in those stirring scenes. As much as possible should this be done before the facts fade from the memory of living men and become mere tradition. I am of the opinion that if each one of the old Oil Creekers yet alive would contribute his own personal experience and memories, and the whole placed in capa-

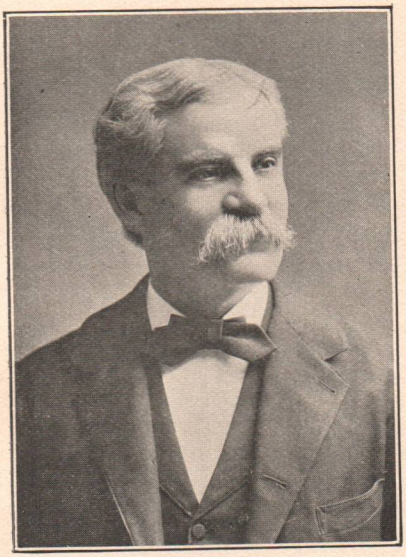
ble hands for compilation, much unwritten and interesting history might be saved and left to those who come after us. Like the Grand Army of the Republic, the old Pithole and Oil Creekers are fast passing beyond. Those not already in the cemeteries are getting gray with age and are scattered over the wide world. Some, no doubt in affluence, some perhaps otherwise.

Thousands of the grandest men that ever lived, including land and well owners, brokers, dealers, shippers, tool dressers, blacksmiths, transporters, contractors, drillers, boilermakers, pumpers, rig and tank builders, refiners, teamsters, boatmen and pipeliners have gone down to their graves, their personality and deeds already nearly forgotten.

There are many names inseparably connected with the first developments of the petroleum business in a commercial way, but the pioneers to whom special credit is due are George H. Bissell, of New York; Dr. Francis B. Brewer and Jonathan Watson, of Titusville, Pa.; Samuel M. Kier, of Pittsburg, Pa., and Dr. A. W. Crawford, of Emlenton, Pa., all long since dead.

To George H. Bissell belongs the credit of being the first to suggest the boring of an artesian well in the rock for oil.

The common belief is that Col. E. L. Drake was the pioneer and original oil



J. J. McLAURIN.

man. He was simply the agent employed at a salary to carry out the idea of Bissell.

"In 1858 Messrs. J. G. Eveleth and George H. Bissell, of New York City, having leased from Brewer, Watson & Co., of Titusville, one hundred acres of land on the northern border of Venango County, just below the village, determined to sink upon it an artesian well similar to those that were bored for salt at Tarentum and elsewhere; for this purpose they engaged Col. E. L. Drake, of New Haven, Conn., as superintendent to prosecute the work."—(Caldwell's History of Western Pennsylvania.)

The well was drilled on land owned by Brewer, Watson & Co., about one mile below Titusville, on flat land adjoining Oil creek.

The Seneca Oil Co. was a co-partnership, of which George H. Bissell was the ruling spirit. Col. Drake was one of the partners with a small interest, and was made superintendent to prosecute the work. He had many obstacles to overcome before the well was completed, among which at one time was financial embarrassments. R. D. Fletcher, of Titusville, came to the rescue with aid to tide the company over and kept the work going, and to him is due no small degree in the distribution of honors.

As before mentioned, the writer arrived at Titusville in the early spring of 1860. It was my pleasure to become, not intimately (being but a boy), but somewhat personally acquainted with Col.

Drake, and now after a lapse of over forty-five years my memory of the man is distinct to the effect that he was a jovial, kind-hearted, polite, polished gentleman, and I would not intentionally do or say anything that would detract from his good name and fame or mar one little ray in his crown of glory. He is entitled to a grand monument, which has already been placed in the cemetery at Titusville. Over the old well he was instrumental in getting drilled should also be placed a monument, which at this writing we are informed is in contemplation.

Some men are renowned in history on account of the greatness of the deeds they performed. Others not having done anything very great in itself have become widely known by reason of what resulted from the little they did do. Men of the latter class are conspicuous rather than great.

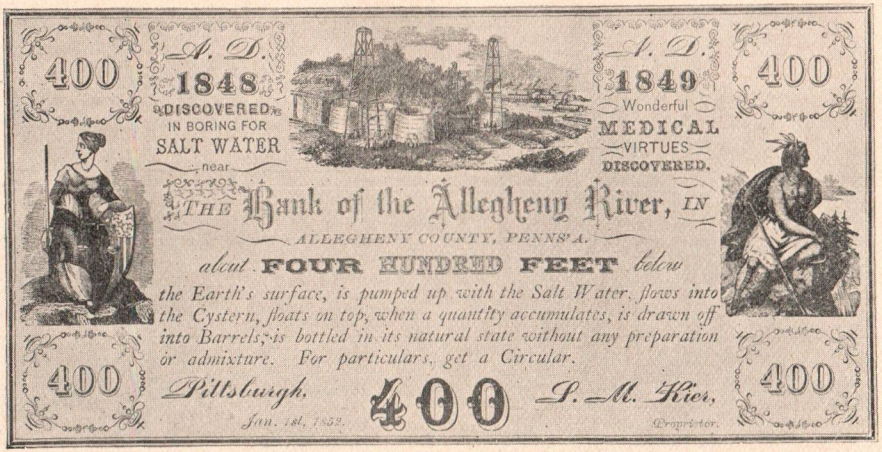
Col. Drake seems to have been of the latter class because of the wonderful results following the little he did do. And yet he was only the instrument employed to develop the idea of another. The conspicuousness of Col. Drake rests on the fact of the well being called the Drake well. Had it been named the Bissell well, the Watson well, or the Brewer well, Col. Drake would in all probability be as little known in history as Uncle Billy Smith,

who, with his sons, actually did the work in drilling the well.

I was early on the ground and quite familiar with the facts concerning the first well and I fully agree with what McLaurin says in his "Sketches in Crude Oil."

"Above all else history should be truthful and 'hew to the line, let chips fall where they may.' Mindful that 'the agent is but the instrument of the principal,' why should Colonel Drake wear the laurels in this instance? Paid a salary to carry out Bissell's plan of boring an artesian well, he spent sixteen months getting the hole down seventy feet. The credit of suggesting the driving pipe to overcome the quicksand is justly his due. Quite as justly the credit of suggesting the boring of the well belongs to George H. Bissell. The company hired Drake, Drake hired Smith, Smith did the work. In a conversation on the subject Mr. Bissell remarked: 'Let Colonel Drake enjoy the pleasure of giving the well his name; history will set us all right.' So it will, and this is a step in that direction. If the long-talked-of monument to commemorate the advent of the petroleum era ever be erected, it should bear in boldest capitals the names of Samuel M. Kier and George H. Bissell."

Experiments in refining coal and shale oils for illuminating purposes had been made in a small way, and with some success prior to 1850, but Samuel M. Kier was the first to carry forward the idea of getting more valuable results, by a process of refining the crude petroleum; and after experimenting for a time with the oil taken from salt wells, near Tarentum, Pa., built in 1850 the first petroleum re-



KIER'S PETROLEUM LABEL.

SAMUEL M. KIER.
GEO H. BISSELL
DR F B BREWER

finery ever constructed. This was a small affair with a capacity of less than two barrels per day.

"The success of Mr. James Young, of Scotland, in the manufacture of illuminating oils from the destructive distillation of bituminous shale stimulated the application of a similar process to the crude petroleum, and in 1850 Mr. Samuel M. Kier, of Pittsburg, erected a small distillery and commenced distillation."—(Caldwell's History of Western Pennsylvania.)

So, in a commercial sense, when the impartial history of the petroleum business in Pennsylvania is written, the names of George H. Bissell, Jonathan Watson, Francis B. Brewer and Samuel M. Kier must of right hold the first place. Dr. A. W. Crawford, of Emlenton, Pa., is deserving of special credit in connection with the earliest phase of the refined business. Appointed Consul to Antwerp by President Lincoln in 1861, he was the first to introduce American refined oil in foreign lands.

A strong prejudice among the Dutch merchants of Antwerp met Dr. Crawford's first proposition to try the American illuminant. He persevered, however, and at his own expense and risk had a small cargo of American refined oil forwarded to Antwerp from New York. Dr. Crawford succeeded in getting the new illuminant introduced with favorable results, and from the small beginning it has grown to be one of the great leading ar-

ticles of commerce. From that time to the present Antwerp has been one of the foreign ports to which American refined oil is sent in large quantities.

"October, 1861.—The first shipment of oil abroad was introduced into the Netherlands by Dr. Crawford, who was Consul at Antwerp." —(Hand Book of Petroleum—P. C. Boyle.)

H. H. ROGERS.

DR. A. W. CRAWFORD.

CHAPTER IV.

I REMAINED about Titusville and vicinity nearly all the summer of 1860 working at anything I could get to do. Having saved a little money I returned home to Union Mills (now Union City), about the first of September, remained at home during that fall and winter helping my father on the farm and about the little grist mill he was in charge of. Returning to Oil creek the following spring, was along the creek between Titusville and Tarr Farm all the summer of 1861. This was the year of flowing wells and low prices. Oil selling as low as ten cents per barrel, and thousands of barrels running to waste for want of packages to save and get it to market. I went home in the fall returning in the spring of 1862. During this summer Iworked at different places, driving team, filling barrels from tanks at wells and helping to load same on wagons or boats, as occasion required; also making a number of trips as oarsman on loaded boats, going out to the mouth of the creek. At the mouth these loads

would be transferred to larger boats for shipment down the Allegheny river.

It may be mentioned here that the capacity of an Oil creek oil boat, sometimes called guipers, was from twenty-five to fifty barrels. Being flat bottomed they drew but little water when empty, and even when water was very low could be easily towed up the creek with horses. I remained along the creek at this kind of work until some time in August, when I again returned to Union.

Shortly after returning home I hired out to a firm of cattle dealers to go as one of the drivers with a drove going overland from Erie county, Pa., to the vicinity of Litchfield, Conn. The route being through the State of New York, the entire length from Jamestown to Catskill on the Hudson river, crossing there by ferry, then southward into Connecticut. The drove I was with was considered a large one, containing about three hundred head. I returned by way of boat from New Haven to New York, and from there home by rail. This trip added considerable to my limited knowledge of the world. To a boy along with a drove of cattle there are many interesting experiences, some pleasant and some otherwise. One of the unpleasant being when passing through a town to have the hoodlums gather on the street corner and

holler, "Forty cents a day and no dinner. Come, Boss."

In the spring of 1863 I was back at Titusville, where I secured employment as assistant to my brother (the late T. J. Smiley, of Titusville), who had been there some time, holding a position as clerk at the platform of C. H. Ames &

JOHN D. ARCHBOLD.

Co., commission merchants. John D. Archbold, now one of the prominent men in the Standard Oil Co., had an office near my brother's.

The Oil Creek railroad had by this time been completed from Corry to Titusville. In this position my duties were to look

after oil coming in by teams to be delivered to the platform connected with the railroad. I had to examine each load to see if the number of barrels and marks thereon corresponded with the shipping bill presented by the teamster, and when found correct to O. K. the bill, for which, upon presentation at the office, the teamster would receive a receipt for his load, on which he could get his cartage charges.

It often happened that a careless or boozy teamster would come in with a load of oil without any shipping bill, and no distinguishable marks on the barrels. Then a dispute would naturally arise among the different inspectors representing different shippers as to who the oil belonged. The result usually being that the fellow who could get the driver "fixed" by paying him his cartage on the spot, would roll the load to the part of the platform assigned to him and immediately brand the barrels with his own mark or the mark of the company he represented. In this manner a great deal of oil was lost to the rightful owner, as in the confusion of teams and unmarked barrels, it was next to impossible to trace the load successfully.

The commission house did not become responsible for any oil received not passing the proper inspection, receipted for and taken charge of by their own employes. C. H. Ames was also a partner

in the firm of Kingsland & Co., who owned the lumber mill on the creek, about one mile below the Drake well. The dam at the mill was the last one down the creek, and also the largest one furnishing water for pond freshets.

These freshets were utilized to get lumber out of Oil creek many years before, but were more generally known in connection with the oil business in the early sixties. There are, no doubt, many people who regard the term pond freshet simply as a catchy phrase used in connection with the outcome of some one-sided occurrence, but they were actual water realities on Oil creek. The manner of producing a pond freshet was by a system of flood gates and slash-boards so constructed at several dams as to hold back the water until a sufficient quantity so backed up and held would, when let loose, make a stage of water below enough to get out small rafts or small, flat-bottomed boats. These artificial floods were more especially used during dry weather when the creek was low and then only as often as the supply of water backed up would warrant, subject always to the consent of the dam owner, who in very dry weather and the creek low would refuse to let water out for the reason it interfered with operations at the mills located at the dams along the stream.

During the summer of 1863 I was sent

down the creek to act as pond freshet agent for a short time in the absence of the regular agent, who was sick. The duty of the agent, or superintendent, was to ascertain the day before a freshet the number of boats ready and waiting to go out the next day, and to collect from each boatowner or his representative his proportionate share of the cost of the freshet. The price of these freshets varied according to the condition of the weather and the natural supply of water in the creek. The average price was from three to five hundred dollars, and this must be collected and paid over to the dam owners before they would allow the gates to be opened. I may remark here that during the short time I acted as agent I received many a five and ten dollar bill as an extra tip from the big-hearted dealers and boatmen, and this, of course, was velvet for my own pocket. The cry of "pond freshet" would bring the entire population along the creek to its banks to witness the excitement.

"A dam at the saw-mill near the Drake well stored the fluid until the time agreed upon to open the gates and let the imprisoned waters escape. Rev. A. S. Dobbs was appointed superintendent and shippers were assessed for the use of the water stored in the pond. Usually two hundred to eight hundred boats—boats of all shapes and sizes, from square-keeled barges, divided into compartments by cross-partitions, to slim-pointed guipers—were pulled up the stream by horses once or twice a week to be filled at the wells and await the rushing

waters. . . . Pilots assumed the responsibility of delivering the oil to the larger boats at Oil City, for conveyance to Pittsburg, at one hundred to two hundred dollars per trip.

"At the appointed moment the flood-gates were opened and the water rushed forth, increasing the depth of the creek two or three feet. The boatmen stood by their lines, to cast loose when the current was precisely right. Sound judgment was required. The loaded boat, if let go too soon, ran the risk of grounding in the first shallow place, to be battered into kindling wood by those coming after. Such accidents occurred frequently, resulting in a general jam and loss of vessels and cargoes. The scene was more exciting than a three-ringed circus. Property and life were imperiled, boats were ground to fragments, thousands of barrels of oil were spilled and the tangle seemed inextricable. . . . Men of wealth and refinement, bespattered and besmeared with crude—their trousers tucked into boots reaching above the knee, and most likely wearing at the same time a nobby necktie—might be seen boarding the boats with the agility of a cat and the courage of warriors, shouting, managing, directing and leading in the perilous work of safe exit. Sunday creeds were forgotten and the third commandment snapped in twain, gave emphasis to the crashing hulks and barrels.

"Pond-freshets were holidays in Oil City sufficiently memorable to go gliding down the ages with the biggest kind of chalk mark."—(Sketches in Crude Oil—McLaurin.)

CHAPTER V.

THE primitive methods used in the early days on Oil creek in drilling, pumping and handling oil would contrast strangely with the manner in which the business is conducted at the present time. Many of the first wells were, to use the homely expression, kicked down. A pole, not unlike a small telegraph pole, was the primitive walking beam. The butt, or large end, made fast outside, the small end extending into the derrick, supported at about the middle by a post set in the ground, leaving the small end to spring up and down. To this small end the tools for drilling would be attached, also a strap or ropes hanging down to near the floor (which was usually the ground) with loops at bottom end for drillers to put a foot in. The spring of the pole raising the tools, and the momentum of the kick of the driller downward bringing the drill in contact with the rock.

I had the pleasure of helping to kick down a well not far from the Drake well. Of course, this way of drilling soon gave way to the more improved methods. His-

tory does not disclose whether or not this early habit of kicking was the cause of so many kickers getting into the business, but still we have them with us.

The tools used at the first were small affairs compared with those now used. Should they need repair a couple of men would take the whole string on their shoulders and carry them to the nearest blacksmith shop.

Wooden rods were used for drilling instead of rope. The young up-to-date driller of to-day would no doubt smile to see the style of temper-screw used at the first. It was simply a piece of chain attached to the end of the spring pole, and hanging down four to six feet, with links open enough to admit a strong hook, this hook being attached to the wooden rods that were connected to the tools. When necessary to let out more screw the driller would pull down the spring pole, let the tools rest on the bottom and then shift the hook down the chain, as necessary. The first bull wheels were one small wheel on the end of a shaft, six inches in diameter, which one man could easily turn when necessary to draw the tools, using a small, common block and fall. Horse power and steam followed the spring pole. The first cable, or rope, used for drilling was at the suggestion of an old sea captain, who had been in China, and had there seen the

Chinese drilling for water, using a flexible sort of a rope twisted and wound from the fibre of rattan and bamboo. While there were some experiments with casing as early as 1862, it did not come into general favor until the latter part of 1865. Wells were drilled as what would now be called wet holes, when a well was finished and ready to tube, what was called a seed bag would be placed around the lower end of the tubing just above the working barrel, and filled with flaxseed, which, when lowered to position and allowed to soak, would expand so as to fill the hole and prevent more surface water going down. Many of the best wells on Oil creek and at Pithole showed no oil until pumped some time to exhaust the water below the seed bag, which prevented more getting in from above.

"On the afternoon of May twenty-seventh, 1863, everything was ready. 'Start her slowly,' Noble shouted from the derrick to Fertig, who stood beside the engine and turned on the steam. The rods moved up and down with steady stroke, bringing a stream of fresh water, which it was hoped a day's pumping might exhaust. Then it would be known whether two of the owners—Noble and Delamater—had acted wisely on May fifteenth in rejecting one hundred thousand dollars for one-half of the well. Noble went to an eating house nearby for a lunch. He was munching a sandwich when a boy at the door bawled: 'Golly! Ain't that well spittin' oil?' Turning around, he saw a column of oil and water rising a hundred feet, enveloping the trees and the derrick in dense spray! The gas roared, the ground fairly shook and the workmen hastened to ex-

tinguish the fire beneath the boiler. The 'Noble well,' destined to be the most profitable ever known, had begun its dazzling career at the dizzy figure of three thousand barrels a day!

"Crude was four dollars a barrel, rose to six, to ten, to thirteen! Compute the receipts from the Noble well at these quotations—twelve thousand, eighteen thousand, thirty thousand, thirty-nine thousand dollars a day! Sinbad's fabled Valley of Diamonds was a ten-cent side-show in comparison with the actual realities of the valley of Oil Creek."—(Sketches in Crude Oil—McLaurin.)

Union City, Corry and Garland, on the Philadelphia & Erie railroad, all distant from Titusville about twenty-five miles, were the nearest shipping points by railroad. To these places nearly all the oil from Oil creek was carted, especially so when cold weather prevented shipments by the creek and Allegheny river. It was not an uncommon sight to see on the roads leading to these places a solid line of teams a mile or more in length.

About the time the Oil Creek railroad was completed from Corry to Titusville, the Atlantic & Great Western completed a branch from Meadville to Franklin, and for some time thereafter all the oil from the upper creek was carted to Titusville, and from the lower creek to Franklin. The river route, however, always getting a large share of the business when the water would permit or pond freshets could be utilized. Any old resident along the Allegheny river will recall the fact

that in the early sixties they would think nothing to hear at any time of night the whistle of a steamboat or to see them passing up and down at any time in the day. I have seen as many as twelve or fifteen at the mouth of Oil creek at one time.

More improved methods of handling oil have relegated pond freshets, oil boats, barges, river steamers and guipers to the rear. But they were in those days prominent features in the business and should not be forgotten.

Any tale of Oil creek would be incomplete without mention of the Oil creek teamsters; my acquaintance with them was extensive, being in positions whereby I had many hundreds of them in my employ at different times. As a rule they were a big-hearted, kind, honest, hard-working class of men, ever ready to personally, or with their own team, plunge into the mud or water to help out an unfortunate brother.

"The Oil creek teamster, rubber-booted to the waist and flannel-shirted to the chin, was a picturesque character. He was skilled in profanity and the savage use of the whip. A week's earnings—ten, twenty and thirty dollars a day—he would spend in revelry on Saturday night. Careless of the present and heedless of the future, he took life as it came and wasted no time worrying over consequences. If one horse died he bought another. He regulated his charges by the depth and consistency of the mud and the wear and tear of morality and live stock. Eventually he followed the flat-boat and barge and guiper to oblivion, railroads

and pipe lines supplanting him as a carrier of oil. Some of the best operators in the region adopted teaming temporarily, to get a start. They saved their money for interests in leases or drilling wells and not a few went to the front as successful producers. The free-and-easy, devil-may-care teamster of yore, brimful of oil and tobacco and not averse to whisky, is a tradition, remembered only by men whose polls are frosting with silver threads that do not stop at sixteen to one."—(Sketches in Crude Oil—McLaurin.)

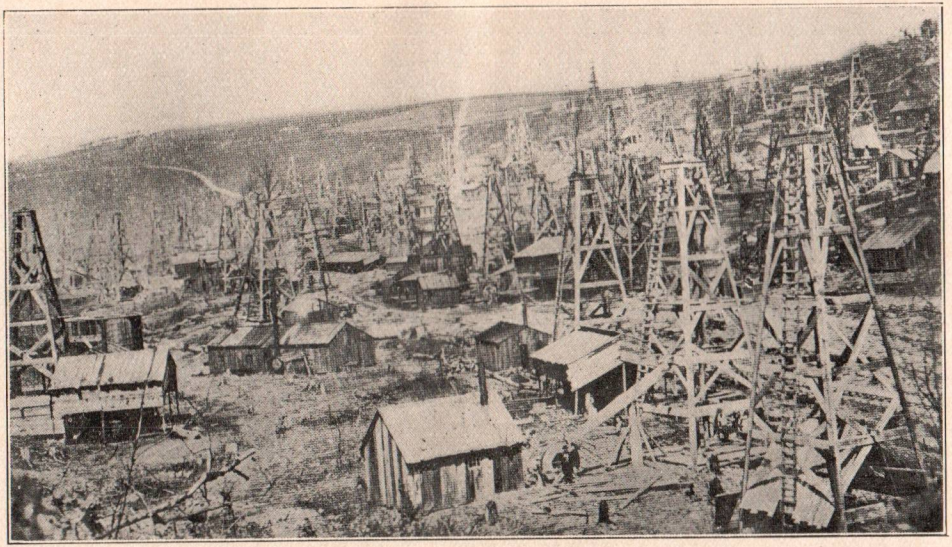
I recall a few of the prominent dealers in those days—Wm. Haldeman, M. E. Vansyckle, V. M. Thompson, Lockhart & Frew, Phillips Bros., Andrews, Clark & Co., Fisher Bros., Hussy & McBride, Clark, Payne & Co., Wm. H. Abbott, D. Brown & Sons, C. H. Ames & Co., Daniel H. Cady. Wm. Hasson, Hess & Tarbell, J. M. Barrows, M. C. Egbert, Henry Harley, Emery Bros., Andrews and Hart, John Fertig, J. J. Vandergrift, Cornwall Bros., Summer & Pratt, and many others, all giants in the business, whose honor was their law and whose word was their bond. I knew them all.

We doubt if there ever has been a place where so many people of all classes gathered as did at Pithole, Petroleum Centre and other towns along Oil creek and vicinity, where less crimes of the higher grade were committed such as murder and robbery. The most noted cases at Petroleum Centre were the killing of Tate in a saloon by Gus Reil, and the great Benninghoff robbery nearby. At Pithole

the most famous cases were the shooting dead of William McEntee in a dance house by (name forgotten), the robbery of W. J. Botsford, a short distance from the town on the road to Titusville, and the attempted robbery of the Pithole post-office. Much was written at that time and since about the murder of Tate and the Benninghoff and Botsford robbery cases. True, there were questionable resorts of temptations for sin and vice without number.

"In the swish and swirl of Pithole, teamsters —a man with two stout horses could earn twenty dollars a day clear—drillers and pumpers played no mean part. They received high wages and spent money freely. Variety shows, music halls—with 'pretty waiter girls'—dance houses, saloons, gambling hells and dens of vice afforded unlimited opportunities to squander cash and decency and self-respect. Many a clever youth, flushed with the idea of 'sowing his wild oats,' sacrificed health and character on the altars of Bacchus and Venus. Many a comely maiden, yielding to the wiles of the betrayer, rounded up in the brothel and the potter's field. Many a pious mother, weeping for the wayward prodigal who was draining her life blood, had reason to inquire: 'Oh, where is my boy to-night?' Many a husband, forgetting the trusting wife and children at home, wandered from the straight path and tasted the forbidden fruit. Many a promising life was blighted, many a hopeful career blasted, many a reputation smirched and many a fond heart broken by the pitfalls and temptations of Pithole. Dollars were not the only stakes in the exciting game of life—good names, family ties, bright prospects, domestic happiness and human souls were often risked and often lost."—(Sketches in Crude Oil—McLaurin.)

JOHN BENNINGHOFF.



BENNINGHOFF RUN, VENANGO COUNTY, IN 1866.

There is no standard table or law that fixes forty-two gallons as a barrel of oil, and it is so only by common consent. Seven thousand three hundred and fifteen and one-half cubic inches is the capacity of a standard liquid barrel; 231 cubic inches is a standard gallon; making the capacity of a standard barrel thirty-one and a half gallons.

It should be remembered that in the early days of the business all the crude oil was handled in barrels. Forty-five gallons was considered a barrel up to the time when tanks at wells and on cars were measured, and their capacity, or contents, computed in bulk. After that forty-two gallons was by common consent accepted as a barrel of crude oil. In the refined business, however, the dealing has always been by the gallon, regardless of the capacity of the package.

The dump business began with the first shipments by bulk boats down Oil creek and the Allegheny river. A bulk boat was at first really a dump boat to which oil would be hauled in barrels from different wells, bought by the boat owner and dumped into the boats. Following this dump tanks were erected along the banks of the creek at convenient points for loading boats to which oil would be carted by wagons, bought by the owner of the tanks into which it would be dumped to await the arrival of a boat customer. So these

places took the names of dumps, and the owners thereof were really the first oil brokers in the business.

The large wells along the creek delivered oil direct to the boats from their own tanks. The dump tanks, open to all, were those to which oil would be hauled and sold from smaller wells not close enough or large enough to load a boat direct.

The dump business became quite a flourishing one after pipe lines came into business, and before the system of connecting direct with tanks at wells was adopted. The dumps in those days were practically the exchange, and made the market price for oil each day.

Cartage charges by teams depended upon distance and condition of roads from wells to dump tanks or boats, ranging from twenty-five to fifty cents per barrel.

For longer distances I have paid one dollar per barrel for six miles, and as high as three dollars per barrel over the same road.

CHAPTER VI.

VENANGO county has an area of 660 square miles, it is bounded on the north by Crawford and Warren, on the east by Forest and Clarion, on the south by Clarion and Butler, and on the west by Mercer and Crawford. It was here that the oil trouble in the United States started, from which it has extended to many states, and as far west as California, and as far south as Texas, including many of the intermediate states south and west.

It may not be uninteresting to many to know that Petroleum Centre, which was the most important point along the creek, was never incorporated, but went through all the excitement under the authority of Cornplanter township.

But in the early sixties the whole valley of Oil creek, from Oil City to Titusville, was thronged with a driving, restless population. Thousands of young, magnificent manhood, not dudes, but vigorous and stalwart, ready to do any kind of hard work and equally ready to mix in a melee; many hundreds of loafers and gamblers of all nations and colors; many

bad places and hundreds of bad women at different centers of population, and over all thousands of shrewd, polished business men. The pick of honest, square manliness, as gallant a host as was ever gathered, all hustling for the oily dollar.

Where are they now? A large majority are in their last long sleep, dead of disappointed hopes, and what is left scattered over the wide world.

Nearly all gone, nothing left but the memory of a few.

With some exceptions, even the names of once important places along the creek are forgotten, nothing remains but a lifeless, homeless solitude, only disturbed by the whistle of a locomotive, or the thump of an occasional gas engine.

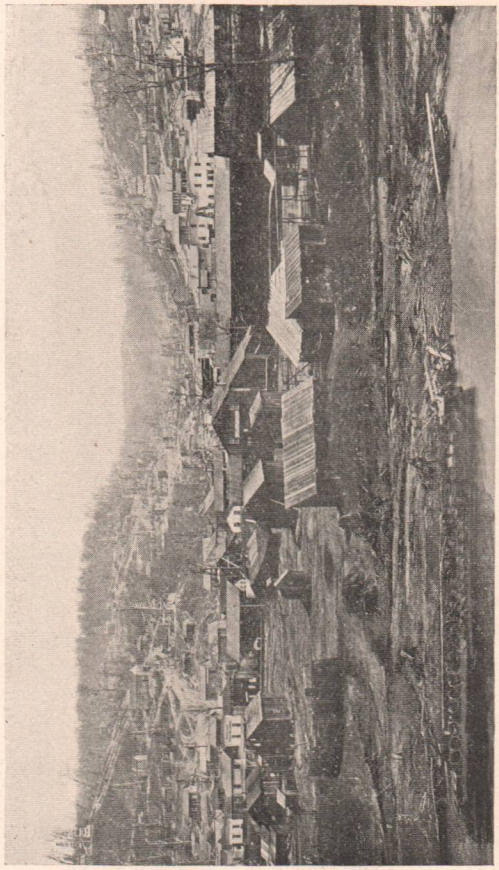
Following the Drake well many thousands of paying wells were drilled along Oil creek, the most famous flowing ones were: The Fountain well in 1861 on the McElhany farm. This was the first flowing well.

The Fertig well on the McElhaney farm in 1861.

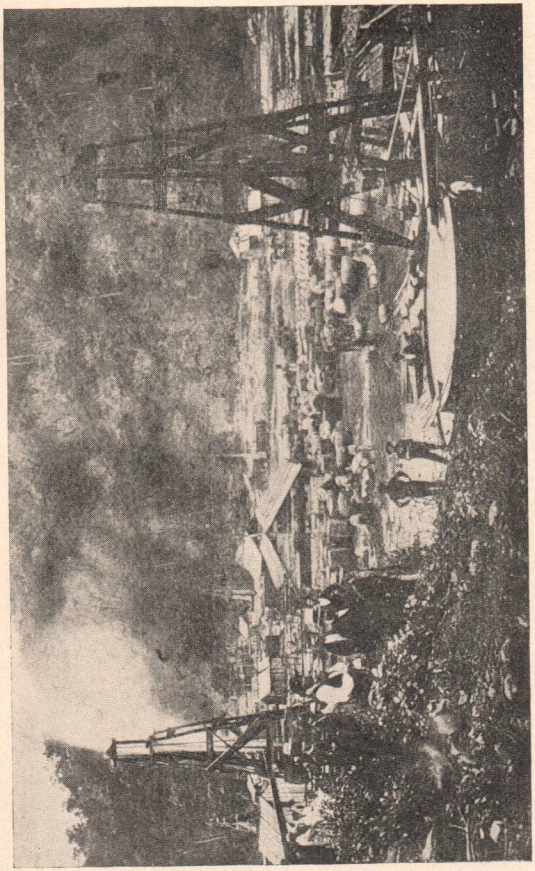
The Buckeye well on the Espy farm in 1861.

The Crocker well on the McElhaney farm in 1861.

The Crescent well on the Tarr farm in 1861.



PIONEER, 1864.



TARR FARM, 1862.

The Phillips well on the Tarr farm in 1861.

The Woodford well on the Tarr farm in 1861.

The Empire well on the McElhaney farm in 1861.

The Sherman well on the Foster farm in 1862.

The McClintock well on the McClintock farm in 1862.

The Noble well on the Funk farm in 1863.

The Maple Shade well on the Egbert farm in 1863.

The Coquette well on the Egbert farm in 1863.

The Caldwell well on the Caldwell farm in 1863.

The Porter well on the Foster farm in 1864.

The Ocean well on the Stevenson farm in 1865.

The famous wells at Pithole were:

The Homestead well on the Heiner farm in 1865.

The Frazier well on the Holden farm in 1865.

The Twin wells, 1 and 2, on the Holden farm in 1865.

The Grant well No. 19. on the Holden farm in 1865.

The Eureka well, No. 48, on the Holden farm in 1865.

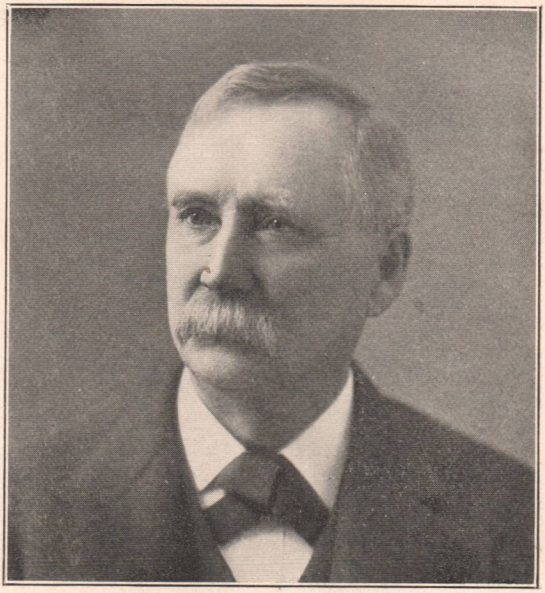
The United States well on the Holden farm in 1865.

The Poole well, No. 54, on the Holden farm in 1865.

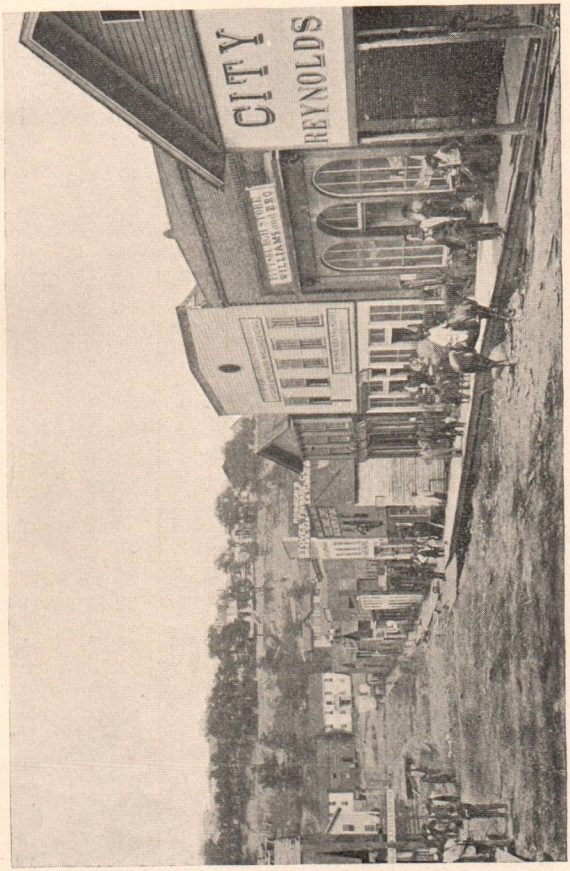
The Hart & Andrews, No. 1, Rooker farm in 1865.

The Sumner & Pratt, No. 2, on the Rooker farm in 1865.

JOHN W. STEELE.



CAPTAIN HASSON.



Centre Street, Oil City, 1863.

CHAPTER VII.

OIL CITY was incorporated into a borough in January, 1862, and Wm. Hasson was elected the first Burgess. The first councilmen were Charles Haines, T. B. Hoover, Chas. Robinson, H. L. McCance and T. H. Williams; clerk of the council, Walter R. Johns. The first newspaper published there was the Oil City Register, Jan. 12, 1862, Walter R. Johns, editor, publisher and proprietor. There was no railroad to Oil City until the latter part of 1865, but this did not prevent the enterprising oil men from boosting the town into importance. A number of good hotels were already there, the principal ones being the Moran, Jones, Petroleum and Crapo.

All of these were on the west side of Oil creek, that side being the business part of the town at that time. The Jones House stood near where the office of the National Transit shops now stands. The east side of the creek, where the business portion of the city now is, was a conglomeration of oil offices, supply stores, tool shops, platforms, cooper shops, oil barrels, full and empty, mud, men, teams

and money. A veritable hive of push and hustle.

A story not over a thousand years old is told of a little Oil City girl, who asked her mother if there were no men angels in heaven from Oil City, because she had never seen an angel with a beard, and the reply was: Don't you know, my dear, that Oil City men only get into heaven on a close shave.

My position with the Titusville firm often called me along the creek between Titusville and Oil City.

I left Titusville about October, 1863, to accept a position with the commission firm of Whitcomb & Standard at Franklin, whose business was similar to that of Ames & Co., of Titusville.

Franklin came to the front with a rush after the Atlantic & Great Western Railroad was extended to that place from Meadville. Its principal hotels were the Atlantic House, Exchange, Kinnear and United States; the Exchange at that time was a two-story wooden building, where the present Exchange now stands. There were scores of boarding houses, and as nice a class of people as ever lived anywhere.

It was here that all oil hauled on wagons, from lower Oil creek and Oil City came and went; also empty barrels coming and going the other way. It was not uncommon to see a solid line of teams loaded with oil extending from the railroad platform, up Thirteenth Street and

down Liberty as far as the Kinnear House, waiting their turn to unload.

The mercantile freight business outside of oil was enormous. This was also the railroad point where the crowds of people from the lower creek came and went.

Upon my arrival at Franklin in October, 1863, I was placed in charge of the empty barrel department of the commission house with a force of men, who worked under me. My duty was to look after all empty barrels coming in by the railroad, unload the same and pile in the yards, keeping each brand or ownership separate and deliver to teams presenting orders for empties.

After a couple of months in this position I was promoted (my salary raised a little) and transferred to the office at the gate entrance to the yards, in charge of oil received, my duties in this position being almost identical with the work I had done while in the employ of Ames & Co., at Titusville. It was while in this position that I became somewhat acquainted with John W. Steele (Coal Oil Johnnie), this man having been written so much about has no need of advertisement from me, so I will simply say that I knew him personally.

One day in the early spring of 1864 the register at the United States Hotel at Franklin announced the arrival of two

gentlemen from St. Albans, Vt. Their appearance and manners did not disguise the fact that they were typical Yankees. In their conversation, however, they betrayed some knowledge of the oil business as far as developed at that time. It was soon known that they had plunged into the business by the purchase of an old abandoned well on the flat, near the river below town, not far from the mouth of Smith's run. They got on some greasy clothes and went to work fixing up the old rig. They straightened up the old derrick, got a small set of drilling tools, cleaned out the well and announced that they were going to drill deeper.

I was at the time in charge of the office at the gate entrance to the railroad platform, at which all oil by teams had to be inspected before entering the yards. Two or three weeks after the arrival of the Vermonters I was approached by one of the aforementioned Yankees, who in a very confident, but innocent manner, inquired if it would be possible to have passed through the gate enough barrels filled with water to load a car, the same to be billed and shipped as oil. I flatly told him, "No, sir! that such a thing could not be done by me."

The subject was dropped and for a time I thought no more about it. Subsequent developments brought back to my

memory the conversation in regard to the water shipment.

It was reported about town that the old well had been drilled deeper and was good for twenty or thirty barrels. Visitors to the well (I was one) saw a dandy stream going into the tank. Considerable excitement prevailed and several purchase customers were on the string. After pumping the well three or four days the engine broke down, and some part of it had to be taken to a machine shop for repairs. During the time the engine was crippled (when there were few visitors at the well) a flat-bottomed Oil creek guiper boat, which had been moored near the well for some time, was pressed into service and a shipment of fifty barrels (said to be oil) had been made down the river. This shipment of fifty barrels was afterwards supposed to have been the leverage used to effect a sale of the well, which was made to a Boston capitalist for forty thousand dollars spot cash. Next day after the sale the new owners took possession. They were delayed for a couple of days in getting the well started on account of the engine being broken, but finally they got started up, but the well failed to respond. After pumping for some time without success they decided to pull the rods, when they were horrified to find less than one hundred feet of rods and tubing in

the well, and the lower end of the working barrel plugged tight. Between the upper two joints of tubing was found instead of a collar, a tee, to which had been connected a half-inch pipe leading from there under the engine house and underground to the bottom of the tank. Concealed under the engine block in such a manner as to be easily reached without attracting attention, was a throttle on the half-inch pipe.

Under the derrick floor, between the throttle and tubing was found a check valve on the small pipe, also a union which had evidently been disconnected between the time the sale was effected and the new owners took possession. Oil would run freely through the small pipe from the bottom of the tank, the check valve preventing it from going but one way, so that when the well was pumping the oil running into the tubing from the bottom of the tank would be pumped back to the tank through the lead line

All this was found, but the two gentlemen from Vermont were not in evidence; there were extremely absent. They had migrated and their whereabouts on the map could not be pointed out, as an Indian would say they were "heap gone."

These developments brought back to my mind the incident of getting water through the gate and having it marked oil.

It is up to the reader for two guesses, how did the oil there was in the tank get there, and was there any connection between the oil and the boat that had been lying in the river near. The well certainly did not produce it, also was the engine really broken down?

Ten years later in the summer of 1874, when in the city of Cleveland I stepped into a gents' furnishing establishment to procure some little needed article. A clerk came forward to wait on me, we stared at each other for a few seconds, when the recognition became mutual, he saying, "How are you, Smiley?" and I, "How are you, Charley?" The clerk was the same man who wanted to ship water by rail. We chatted pleasantly for a few moments about old times at Franklin, but the well was not mentioned. During the conversation he had informed me that he was owner of the store, which looked to be quite an extensive one.

I procured what I wanted, and in passing out noticed that the name on the store sign was not the same that had appeared on the hotel register at Franklin.

The reader now has another think coming; which was his right name? I have often wondered which name, if either, was correct, the one at Franklin or the one at Cleveland? Probably there are some old residents of Franklin who will remember the Humbug well. For fur-

ther particulars inquire of Jacob Sheasley, Oliver Steele or Chris Hoover.

I held the position at the oil gate office until July 1, 1864, when I was again transferred, this time to the mercantile freight department, then in charge of R. C. Beveridge. During the time I was in the freight office I was frequently sent to the ticket office to relieve the regular ticket agent, G. C. Smith, when he would be sick or absent.

It was during the summer of 1864 that I got acquainted with John Wilkes Booth, who on the evening of the 14th of April following assassinated President Lincoln in a Washington theatre.

Our first acquaintance was due to the fact that for a short time we occupied the same room at the United States Hotel

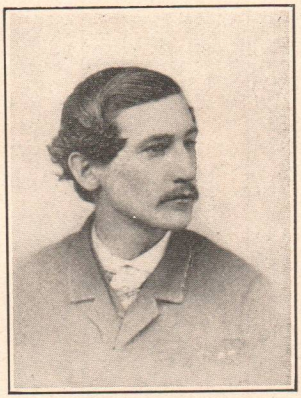
H. B. Smith, a clerk in one of the railroad offices, and myself had a double room at the hotel, that is, a room in which there were two beds.

The hotels were all crowded in those days, and Smith and I, to accommodate the landlord, frequently doubled up to let in some good fellow for a day or two, when not able to get in elsewhere.

On this occasion the proprietor, W. H. Watkins, had requested us to let in a couple of gentlemen for just a couple of days. The newcomers to our room were John Wilkes Booth and J. H. Simonds,

JOHN WILKES BOOTH.

who in the meantime I had been introduced to. Booth and Simonds, instead of staying there only a couple of days, remained there for about ten days, when they secured rooms at Mrs. Webber's on Elk Street, but took their meals at the United States Hotel.



H. B. Smith.

Booth was very stylish in his dress, rather good looking, cold in manner towards strangers, but when acquainted, quite social and very polite.

At that time I was rather an expert billiard player and Booth was also a good player, and many games we played, each earnestly trying to beat the other. The result usually being that Booth would insist on paying the whole score and tell-

ing me that I could not, in the position I held, afford to play and pay for billiards out of the salary (he supposed) I was getting, and yet at every opportunity he would want me to play with him again, feeling as pleased when I beat him as I was to do so. So in this way I became somewhat intimately acquainted with him and have yet in my possession several little trifling articles which he personally presented to me.

The small silver-headed cane shown in picture of Booth is yet in possession of the writer, having been presented to me by Booth, personally, in the summer of 1864.

Booth was a trained athlete and very strong and quick. I was also pretty strong and active, being then twenty-one years old and did not fear any common man in a rough and tumble. I recall an incident, however, when we both got the worst of the encounter. The occasion was at a dance at the Marshall House, located at the Franklin end of the bridge over the Allegheny river, kept by one Sim Marshall, whither we had gone one evening out of curiosity; as far as the party was concerned our curiosity was entirely satisfied, as we were both entertained handsomely. On the night of the aforesaid dance there were lying near the bridge several steamboats and a number of lumber fleets, and the crowd assembled at the dance was rather a motley one,

there being in attendance a goodly number of deckhands from the steamboats and fresh water sailors from the lumber fleets. A row was started (probably accidental), and in our desire to see how things were moving, we crowded in quite close to where the mill was being pulled off.

This attracted the attention of several of the waltzers who, as the sequel will show, decided that our dudish appearance did not warrant our eagerness to get so close to the scene of action. To end the story, they deliberately went for us regardless of how much they soiled our clothes, and after charging several times they threw us out with orders not to return into the house.

We did not request that the order be countermanded, but struck a bee line for up town, with the understanding between us that we would keep our dance experience to ourselves. It leaked out, however, and we were often nagged by our friends.

I am almost persuaded to drop the subject of Booth here. I desire to add, however, that I have many times been asked the question what in my judgment prompted him to commit that horrible crime. My answer now and always has been that "I do not know." Notwithstanding the fact that the presidential campaign between Abraham Lincoln and

George B. McClellan, with all the excitement attending those contests, was going on during the short time I knew Booth. I never heard him express himself either way, I never heard him talk a word of politics. I never heard him say a word about any of the leading actors on either side of the Civil War, which was still in progress, or ever make any reference whatever to either the North or the South. He left Franklin late in the fall of 1864 and I never saw him again.

"On the night Alexander the Great was born, the Temple of Ephesus was set on fire by an incendiary named Erostratus, his object being to make his name famous. In this he failed, for very few persons know anything of his exploits or of his history.

"Only a fool expects to become famous by a great crime."—(Old History.)

CHAPTER VIII.

THE years of 1864-'65 were the era of the great land excitement throughout the oil regions. Land anywhere near producing territory soared to fabulous prices. Seemingly the proper thing to do was to secure the refusal for a time on a patch by paying down a small amount of the total price agreed upon; then before the refusal expired to sell at an advanced figure to some of the hungry horde of eastern capitalists who thronged the region. About December, 1864, the ticket agent for the railroad, G. C. Smith, and myself heard of a fifty-acre piece up French creek that was for sale. We decided that I should try to negotiate the deal, with the understanding, of course, that the amount to be paid down must be small, as neither of us were loaded to the neck with funds. I went after it and secured a refusal on the fifty acres for sixty days by the payment of ten dollars in hand, the full consideration being two thousand dollars. Within the sixty days we sold the land for five thousand dollars to a capitalist from Rouseville, making a profit to each

of fifteen hundred dollars. This completely turned my head, never having had so much money before, I could not help but think that I was a natural born "Frenzied Financier."

But it got away from me easily, as the sequel later will show. Capt. Chas. E. Taylor, then an attorney, afterwards Judge of Venango county, now dead, prepared the legal paper covering the deal, for which Smith and I paid him one hundred dollars.

It was during the summer (July 16, 1864) that I became of age, and at the November election cast my first vote, which was for George B. McClellan for president.

With the exception of filling the position of ticket agent at intervals in the absence of the regular agent, I remained in the freight department until February 1, 1865, when I quit the commission house and the railroad and accepted a position with the Adamantine Oil Co., of which H. M. Hamilton, of Troy, N. Y. (then residing at Franklin), was president. My salary was fixed at one hundred dollars per month and expenses.

This was the largest salary that I had up to that time received, and considering the fifteen hundred dollars I was ahead on the land deal, I began to think that I was on the road to a great destiny.

Furnished by Mr. Hamilton with a

copy of lease all written with a pen, and which I was to use as a copy, I was instructed to go to Butler, Pa., and take leases of all the land I could get in that vicinity, with Oakland and Penn townships as special points.

Being mid-winter and the sleighing good, I took a sleigh stage leaving Franklin in the forenoon and arrived at Butler the next day, staying over night en route at the historical stone house on the pike between the two places. Arriving at Butler I put up at the Lowry (old) House, kept by that fine old gentleman, Wm. Lowry.

I made this my headquarters, taking many leases in Oakland and Penn townships; some of these leases in Penn township were along Thorn creek, in the vicinity of the Thorn Creek field, that twenty years after proved to be one of the richest fields ever discovered.

After a few weeks sojourn in Butler I received instructions to return to Franklin, where I turned over to Mr. Hamilton all the leases I had secured. These leases were all written in full with pen following copy furnished, and were all in my own name as party of second part, acting for the Adamantine Oil Co. They were all properly acknowledged for record, but with few exceptions none were ever recorded.

After making the proper transfer on

each lease and turning them over to the company, I was instructed to go to Uhrichsville and Cadiz, Ohio, and about these places secure what leases I could. Going by way of Pittsburg, I stopped at Steubenville to await some expense money, which was arranged to be forwarded to me there. The money, five hundred dollars, was sent to me by express but I had some trouble in getting it, being unable to establish my identity. I finally succeeded in getting the money from the express company, and then went to Uhrichsville, where I was to stop and see what I could do in the way of getting some leases in that vicinity. I had no success there, not being able to get a single lease. After a short time I went to Cadiz. At this place I got some mail, which Mr. Hamilton had forwarded to me from Franklin, among which was a letter from my father that changed my whole program, as the letter informed me that I had been drafted as one of the quota from Union Borough, Erie county, Pa.

In explanation of how this happened, I may say that when the enrollment for draft was being made, I requested to be enrolled at Union instead of at Franklin. Being a single man and claiming Union as my home, I had this right, and upon presentation to the Franklin officer of proof that I was enrolled at Union I was

not put on the roll at Franklin. Had I taken the chances at Franklin I might not have been pulled; at all events it was a lottery and I had drawn a prize. The letter from my father, dated March 8, 1865, also had enclosed notice to me of my being drafted, with orders to report for duty at the provost marshal's headquarters at Ridgway, Pa., not later than April 6, 1865.

Without writing to Mr. Hamilton I at once started for Franklin, and upon arriving there I explained the situation to him. Not knowing what was ahead of me I settled up all my affairs with the idea that I probably would have to be a soldier. Mr. Hamilton then for the first time explained to me what his scheme was.

Being a geological student he had conceived the idea that there was oil near the places he had sent me to sceure leases, and his plan was to combine all these leases with some production the Adamantine company owned and put the whole in a stock company.

As before mentioned, I settled up with him and left for Union and never saw him again. I desire to add here that he was one of the finest men I ever had anything to do with and I was sorry some years after to hear of his death at Troy, N. Y.

In the meantime I had gotten very

patriotic, my loyalty and enthusiasm fairly bubbled up and oozed out all over, and in my desire to show my loyalty I actually in my big-hearted generosity offered another fellow my chance. He accepted, going with me to Ridgway, and on the 7th day of April, 1865, I had him mustered in as my substitute, paying him fifteen hundred dollars in addition to the favor of letting him go for me. And that is where my fifteen hundred dollars went that I had made in the land deal.

As the war was about ending my sub did not see much service and was discharged and home in the following July. I have always been thankful that my schoolmate and friend, Joe Whitaker, for that was his name, got back without getting hurt. I believe that he is still, at this writing, living somewhere in the west.

After thus serving my country to the tune of giving up about all the wealth I had, I at once returned to Franklin, hoping to again get employment with Mr. Hamilton, but found that he had left the town.

During my service about the railroad office I had picked up and learned telegraphing to the extent that I was a pretty good operator, but by no means an expert.

Quite early on the morning of April

15 I was sitting in the ticket office at the railroad station chatting with my old land partner, Smith, who was a first-class telegraph operator. He was busy selling tickets for the early train out, when suddenly he turned and excitedly asked me if I had heard what was going over the wire. I replied that I had not been paying any attention to what was going and asked him what it was. He turned pale and replied: "My God, Smiley, President Lincoln was shot last night in a theatre in Washington by John Wilkes Booth, a theatrical performer. Can it be possible that it is the John Wilkes Booth that was here last summer that we all knew so well?"

Smith went to the key and asked some one if the report was correct. Meadville office confirmed the report that it was too true. By this time the news had been received at the Western Union office up town and great excitement prevailed, as many Franklin people had known Booth when there the previous summer.

I had gone to the station to take the early train for Union City. I changed my mind, however, and did not leave Franklin for several days.

The excitement was intense, and every one who had been acquainted with Booth, myself included, were closely watched and questioned.

A day or two afterwards a secret ser-

vice officer from Washington appeared in the town. There were many who were equally as well acquainted with Booth as I was and we were all put through a close questioning. The officer, without my knowledge, went through my trunk, examining the contents closely.

H. W. Mabb.

A few days after I left for Pithole, then looming up as the centre of attraction.

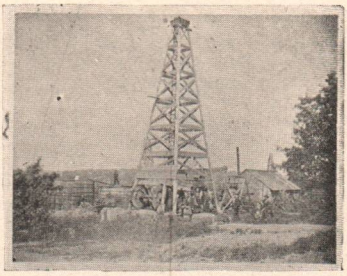
Stopping at Union City for a few days' visit, I went by way of Corry and Titusville and arrived at Pithole about the first of May, 1865.

When I got there I found my brother-in-law, the late Henry W. Mabb, busily engaged in building what was afterwards

known as the Metropolitan Hotel, one of the famous hotels of that wonderful place.

I assisted, doing anything I could, until July 1, 1865, when I secured employment as timekeeper and paymaster for the force of men at work building the Pithole and Miller Farm pipe line.

And this was the beginning of my experience as a pipe-liner.



FRAZER WELL.

CHAPTER IX.

PITHOLE has well been termed the Magic City, nothing like it has ever been known, especially in the oil region. The scenes enacted there in the years 1865-'66 would, if faithfully portrayed, read like a romance or fairy tale. Every newspaper man who has visited the oil region since then has written something about Pithole. It holds a prominent place in every history of oil, and the half will never be told. The Civil War had just closed, money was plenty, everybody seemed to have some and all hustling for more. Within four months from its introduction the town had blossomed into a city of ten thousand people.

I counted myself lucky the first night there to secure lodging in the shavings under a carpenter's work bench. I was not alone, there were others.

The constant stream of humanity pouring into the place was for a time more than the limited accommodations could provide for. A chance to sleep under any kind of shelter was considered a luxury. Long lines of hungry humanity would line up and wait their turn to put

up twenty-five cents for a thin sandwich or a small dish of beans. There was no society classification; men of fame and wealth would elbow with a greasy driller or teamster at lunch boards. A one course dinner without tea or coffee would quickly be bid in at a dollar. Water had to be hauled to supply hotels and boarding sheds, many men with horses and sleds were engaged in this line of industry, the water man frequently getting more per barrel than a barrel of oil was worth. The price of a shine ranged from twenty-five to fifty cents, regulated by the size of the extremity. Had the bootblacks of Pithole been "put wise" on the combination racket of later days, many of them might have outrivaled some of the characters in "Frenzied Finance." Scores of teams night and day were carting in supplies from Titusville, Oil City and other nearby towns. The farmers in the surrounding country reaped a rich harvest.

The scenes about the postoffice each day after the arrival of the mail stages from Miller Farm and Titusville were exciting; there were but few private boxes. The contents of the huge mail sacks, containing thousands of letters and as many more packages of value, had to be sorted and distributed from the general delivery window. S. S. Hill was postmaster, A. E. Russell, first assistant,

and they with a half score of nimble-fingered clerks certainly earned their pay, handling this enormous amount of mail matter. Crowds of men and boys pushed, jostled and jammed, each one trying to get to the delivery window, frequently getting into actual fights. The police were often called to straighten out the mix, line the crowd up in lines to take their regular turns at the window. It was claimed that the report of the Pithole postoffice for the first quarter of the year 1866 ranked third in the State in volume of business.

During the first few months of Pithole there were very few of the gentler sex in the town, that is, respectable ones. The accommodations and surroundings not being suitable for mothers, wives, daughters, sisters or ladies of refinement. Scores of hotels and boarding houses were rushed to completion. Some of the hotels, when finished, were not outclassed anywhere. These, in addition to many beautiful home cottages erected, furnished accommodations for many, and the town then held as fine a class of refined society as could be found anywhere.

Among the first-class hotels were The Morey, Bonta, Chase, Metropolitan, Hubbs, Danforth and Duccan. The furniture alone in the Bonta costing forty thousand dollars.

The town was situated on the Holmden

WIGGINS HOUSE, PITHOLE.

farm, on the gentle slope facing the east. Holmden Street was the principal business thoroughfare, and the only street of importance, running north and south. The streets running at right angles were numbered. First, Second and Third being the most important. Two of the largest and most famous hotels were situated some distance from Holmden Street, the business centre of the town. The Morey House was on the Morey farm, about one mile away on the road leading to Pleasantville and Titusville. The Bonta House was located on the Rooker farm, across the creek and valley to the east, also nearly a mile away on the road leading to Tionesta, on the Allegheny river. The Morey House did an enormous business because of its location on the road to Titusville, over which there was a large traffic, both of teams and people. The Bonta House was never overcrowded, because of there being but little traffic to or from the town in that direction.

Murphy's Theatre on First Street, when completed, was equal to many swell play houses in larger cities. Some of the most famous actors in the country appeared on the stage at Murphy's.

To pen Pithole in detail would require more descriptive talent than the writer possesses, therefore, I must confine myself to matters in which I was personally an actor. The Swordsman's Club has re-

ceived attention at the hands of many writers. C. C. Leonard in his "History of Pithole," gives the club special mention. J. J. McLaurin in "Sketches in Crude Oil," also gives the organization complimentary notice.

"The Swordsman's Club attained the highest reputation as a social organization. One night in 1866, when Pithole was at the zenith of its fame, John Satterfield, Seth Crittenden, Alfred W. Smiley, John McDonald, George Burchill, George Gilmore, Pard B. Smith, L. H. Smith, W. H. Longwell and other congenial gentlemen met for an evening's enjoyment. The conversation turned upon clubs. Smiley jumped to his feet and moved that 'we organize a club.' All assented heartily and the Swordsman's Club was organized there and then, with Pard B. Smith as president and George Burchill as secretary. Elegant rooms were fitted up, the famous motto of 'R. C. T.' was adopted and the club gave a series of most elaborate 'promenade concerts and balls' in 1866-'67. Invitations to these brilliant affairs were courted by the best people of Oildom. The club dissolved in 1868. Its membership included four congressmen, two ex-governors wore its badge and scores of men conspicuous in the state and nation had the honor of belonging to the Swordsman's. At regular meetings 'the feast of reason and the flow of soul' blended merrily with the flowing bowl. Sallies of bright wit, spontaneous and never hanging fire, were promptly on schedule time. Good fellowship prevailed and C. C. Leonard immortalized the club in his side-splitting 'History of Pithole.' Verily the years slip by. Long ago the ephemeral town went back to its original pasture, long ago the facetious historian went back to dust, long ago many a good clubman's sword turned into rust. Pard B. Smith runs a livery in Cleveland, Longwell is in Oil City, Smiley—he represented Clarion County twice in the Legislature—manages the pipe line at Fox-

burg, L. H. Smith is in New York and others are scattered or dead. On November 21st, 1890, the 'Pioneers of Pithole'—among them a number of Swordsmen—had a reunion and banquet at the Hotel Brunswick, Titusville. These stanzas, composed and sung by President Smith and 'Alf' Smiley, were vociferously cheered:

''Twas side by side, as Swordsmen true,
In Pithole long ago,
We met the boys on common ground
And gave them all a show.
In social as in business ways
Our honor was our law,
And when a brother lost his grip
He on the boys could draw.

Chorus.

'We're the boys, the same old boys,
Who were there in sixty-five;
If any Swordsman comes our way
He'll find us still alive.

'What if grim age creeps on apace,
Our souls will ne'er grow old;
We will, as in the Pithole days,
Stand true as Swordsmen bold,
In those old days we had our fun,
But stood for honor true;
Here, warmly clasping hand-to-hand,
Our friendship we renew.'"
—(Sketches in Crude Oil—McLaurin.)

There is little more to say about the club. I may add, however, that it was organized for social purposes and was an entire success, gaining a wide reputation. Many men who have left their impress on the history of the oil region belonged to the Swordsman's. In the club room politics and religion were barred, and no one not having the attributes of a gentleman and good fellow would be admitted. The

club was a financial success and gave much for charitable purposes, and one time gave five hundred dollars towards the building of a church, the pastor of which was a jolly Swordsman. All the religious denominations at Pithole received substantial aid from the Swordsman's Club.

PARD B. SMITH.

The by-laws provided that a new president must be elected every sixty days, and no one having filled the office could be re-elected. The purpose of this rule was to have the honors go round as far as possible. The presidents of the club during its existence were respectively Pard B. Smith, George Burchell, George Westervelt, A. W. Smiley, Roger Sher-

man, L. H. Smith, John McDonald and George E. Coutant, all dead at this writing but Pard B. Smith, who lives at Cleveland, Ohio, and the writer.

It must not be inferred that I was broke after my donation to help carry on the war, as before mentioned. When I arrived at Pithole I had several hundred dollars, which I had saved, outside the fifteen hundred paid for a substitute. Everything was booming, and in the early part of June I took a flyer in a well on the Morey farm. I got in on the ground floor; that is, it was to cost me just my share of the expense in getting the well down. I figured that I had just about enough money to carry the one-fourth interest that I had assumed. I knew full well that the venture would work my financial ruin should the well prove a duster. Before the well was completed I had secured employment with the pipe company at a salary of one hundred and fifty dollars per month, and anxiously awaited results. When the well came in it started off at a two hundred barrel gait, and held up at that rate for some time. The price of oil was ranging around five dollars per barrel, and about two weeks after the well was in I sold my one-fourth in the well and a five-acre lease for twenty thousand dollars cash. To say that I was then swelled up would be putting it mildly. I did not,

however, lose my head enough to throw up my position, but remained with the pipe company as long as it was in existence.

With some of the money I had already made I went after other chances. I ventured one-fourth in a well going down on the Heiner farm, another one-fourth in one going down on the Rooker farm, and one-eighth in one on the Holmden farm. All proved good and my income for a couple of months was between five and six hundred dollars a day. Selling all my interest in wells in September, I found myself in possession of fifty thousand dollars, made in about four months. In the next three months I had increased the amount, so that by January 1, 1866, I could have left the place with fully seventy-five thousand dollars and not a cent in debt.

Now for the other side of the picture. Two years later I would have been glad to have looked at one thousand dollars that I could have called my own. "What a fool," says the reader, but wait a minute. I was not an isolated example of the long-eared quadruped, there were scores of others. I can only add that when the collapse came everything seemed greased for the occasion. I saved less than one thousand dollars out of the wreck. Others lost many times the

amount I did, and not only lost all, but were left badly involved.

I doubt not that many of these old debts are yet due. I know of a certainty of one of over five thousand dollars yet due me, in addition to many smaller ones. But what was the use trying to shake plums from a dead limb without evidence that plums were there? It would have about the same result as giving medicine to a corpse.

Men came to Pithole rich and went away poor; others (only a few) came poor and went away well heeled. I was of neither class. I made some money there, but did not take it away. I went about as I came and will drop the curtain on that subject.

Every man in going through life, whatever his rank or station, must encounter the usual alternations of sunshine and storm. The expression, "The times that try men's souls," is often heard, but how few know the author of the saying.

It always does me good to hear some blamed fool tell how he lost his money.—(Bill Nye.)

There was no lack of material at Pithole to meet the requirements of keeping the town in the up-to-date class. Anything from a dress ball at the Swordsman's Club to a prize fight could be handled in the latest and most approved style.

For some time it had been known that

a full-fledged prize fight was in contemplation. The principal actors were to be Ben Hogan and Jack Holliday, of Rochester, N. Y. Hogan had already established a reputation in the oil regions as a slugger. Holliday was a nephew of the famous Ben Holliday, who had handled the stage coach route over the western plains before the Union Pacific Railroad was built.

"A great portion of this vast machinery, these hundreds of men and coaches, and thousands of mules and horses were in the hands of Mr. Ben Holliday—all the western half of the business was handled by him."—(Mark Twain in Roughing It.)

As a stage driver for his uncle he had made a record as an all round athlete and tough, but his greatest fame rested on the fact of his having wheeled a wheelbarrow from the court house in Rochester to the court house in Buffalo without stopping, a distance of 68 miles.

It was known that the men were in training near the city.

Walking along Holmden Street on the afternoon of the 17th of April, 1866, I was approached by a round-faced rather good-looking young man, who asked me if my name was Smiley, and if I was the man who had so many teams hauling oil. I replied that we were using a good many teams at that time. The young man then said that he had quite a good team and would like to get employment carting oil.

P. C. Boyle.

I told him that he could have work, but suggested that he see Mr. George E. Coutant, who was superintendent of the teams, also telling him that Mr. Coutant boarded at the Chase House, and that he would likely find him there about supper time.

Later in the day the young man came to me and said he had seen Mr. Coutant and would be on hand in the morning. That same evening about ten o'clock I got a tip that the prize fight was to be pulled off at daybreak the next morning in an old field on the Ball farm, about one mile east of town.

Like many others who had never had an opportunity to witness a genuine professional mill of that kind, I was anxious to be one of the spectators, and felt honored to receive the tip, which came in the form of an invitation to be present and witness the scrap (price five dollars). I was early in the saddle next morning, wending my way along the road leading to the Ball farm. I had not gone far when I discovered that many other witnesses had been subpoenaed. Going up the hill by a woods road I came up with a team, the wagon having on board eight or ten of about the toughest looking specimens of humanity that I ever beheld. On getting close to the team I noticed the driver was my young friend who was so anxious to go to work haul-

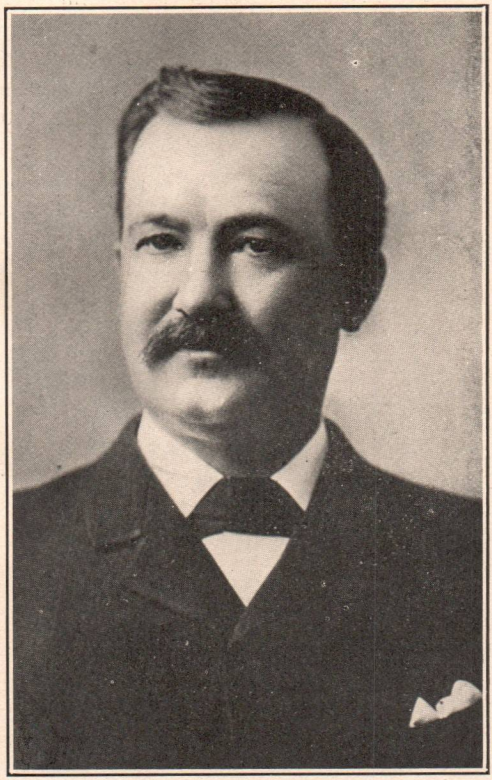
ing oil. I asked him if he was not the man, and after a little hesitation he said he was the fellow, but added that he had struck a job that would pay him better, but when through with that job he would be around all right.

I do not remember whether he ever came around to haul oil or not, yet I do recall that at the time I thought that the young man had an eye to business and would some time get somewhere.

That young man was P. C. Boyle, now the ruling spirit of the Derrick Publishing Company, of Oil City, Pa.

The 28th day of March, 1866, was a memorable one in the history of the oil region, because of the failure on the 27th of the banking house of Culver, Penn & Co., of New York, which had the effect on the day following of carrying down a number of banks in Western Pennsylvania.

About ten o'clock the night before I was awakened in my room at the Metropolitan Hotel by a knock at the door; upon asking who was there I recognized the voice of Tommy Wheeler, one of the Western Union operators of Pithole. Upon opening the door he handed me a message saying that Titusville wanted an immediate answer. The message was from my brother (the late T. J. Smiley), and read: "Come to Titusville, quick; bring all currency, notes checks or ne-



T. J. SMILEY.

gotiable papers you hold; be here before daylight. 'Don't fail. Answer quick.' "

The operator further said that my brother at Titusville would wait at the office there for an answer. I requested Wheeler to go back to the office and hold my brother until I could dress and get to the wire.

When I reached the telegraph office under the Chase House, I told Wheeler to ask my brother through the operator at Titusville what the trouble was. He replied: "Don't ask any questions, but come as requested; will you do so?" I glanced at the clock and noticed it was about 10:15, and told Wheeler to tell Titusville that I would be at my brother's office there not later than 12 o'clock.

I then hurried to the livery stable where I kept my horse, one of the finest saddle beasts I ever saw, high-headed, long-legged, swift and sure-footed. I told the boys at the barn to get the old gray saddled and ready, that I would call for him in a few minutes. I then hastened through the crowd that was still on the streets to the hotel, where there was a large safe that I used at night for safety. I requested the landlord, Henry W. Mabb, to let me get a package out of the safe that I wanted to use, doing so in a quiet way, so as not to attract the attention of the crowd that was still in the hotel office. I knew about what was in

the package, about eight hundred dollars in currency, nearly all of which was in state bank bills; also a check on a Titusville bank for a little over fourteen hundred dollars, given me a few days before by A. C. Rand & Co., for oil sold them. A. C. Rand & Co.. were the owners of the Spring Hill Refining Co., of Titusville. This currency and check was all there was in the envelope.

After placing it safely in the inside pocket of my vest I went up to my room, put on my short heavy riding coat, also my high leather top boots, adding my revolver to the leg of one. I then hurried to the stable and found my horse ready. I looked at my watch and noticed that it was fifteen minutes to eleven o'clock. The night was somewhat foggy, not cold or very dark. I had to pick my way along very carefully over the mile and a half of bad road to Dawson Centre, where I struck the Titusville and Pithole plank road.

I then gave the old horse the rein, which was always a delight to him. The pace was a long, swift, swinging lope, which was only checked on steep places, down or up, and just at twelve o'clock I pulled up in front of my brother's office in Titusville.

I had ridden fast and was anxious to have my horse well taken care of. I hallooed and my brother came out; we

walked to the nearest livery stable, leading the horse, where I gave the boys a dollar and the request that they double blanket and take good care of him. We then went to my brother's office, where he briefly explained to me that some of the Titusville banks were in trouble and thinking that I might get hurt, asked me what shape I was in. I brought out the package, which he hastily examined, finding about one hundred and seventy-five dollars in bank bills of a bank there. Taking these and the check, which I there endorsed, he went out, telling me to remain and that he would be back soon. In about twenty minutes he returned and counted down to me United States greenbacks for the amount of the check and the bills taken. We then went to an all night restaurant and got some lunch, after which we separated, I thanking him and he telling me to keep my business under my hat. I then went to the barn, found my horse was all O.K., gave the boys another tip and a little before four o'clock A. M. was in bed at Pithole with the good money under my pillow.

There were two banks at Pithole, neither of which were banks of issue, both being private institutions, viz.: Prather, Wadsworth & Co., and J. R. Kemp & Co. All the banking business of the pipe company, which I represented, was

done with the former, all my personal business, however, was with J. R. Kemp & Co. Thinking over the information I had received at Titusville I did not rest easy or sleep much after getting to bed. I was wondering what might happen to the two banks at Pithole next day. I had at that time with Kemp & Co. something over three thousand dollars on deposit, subject to check. I had also for safe keeping in their big safe a large box envelope sealed which contained eight thousand dollars in government coupon bonds. I had no reason to even suspect that Kemp & Co. knew what was in the envelope, as it had been placed there just for safety, with my name on the package, still I was worried and up early. The cashier for Kemp & Co. boarded at the same hotel where I stopped and I managed to be at breakfast with him. In our talk I casually remarked that I had some papers in my envelope in his safe that I wanted to use that morning. He replied that he would get it for me as soon as he finished his breakfast, which he did and I felt much relieved.

At banking hours when it became known that the chain of banks connected with the New York failure had closed their doors the excitement ran up to the fever heat and the streets swarmed with excited men.

I looked on with quiet satisfaction for

myself, but with heartfelt sorrow for my friends. Both the Pithole banks, however, went through the storm safely.

Some years after, when first reading "Sheridan's Ride," I was vain enough to think that with the war features cut out I had almost duplicated it.

The town was incorporated into a borough late in 1865. The first Burgess was Alexander P. Keenan, the first councilmen were Leonard Church, Lee M. Morton, J. T. Chalfant, E. P. Confer and David Gardner. The latter soon after resigned to accept the position as chief of police and the writer was elected to fill the vacancy. James M. Guffey was appointed clerk to the council.

The needs of the place demanded a chief of police with undaunted courage, physical ability and mental equilibrium. The man who filled all these requirements to the full measure was Col. David Gardner, a veteran of the Civil War.

At the breaking out of the war he had enlisted and was mustered in as First Lieutenant of Co. G., First Pennsylvania regiment of cavalry, promoted to all the grades to Colonel of his regiment. He having seen hard service with the Army of the Potomac from Bull Run to Appomattox, no better selection could have been made.

Rather late one evening in the summer of 1866, the sound of a shot and the

cry of murder brought a crowd of gentlemen (myself among the number), out of the office of the Danforth House on a double quick to learn the cause. Opposite the hotel on First Street was a house of questionable character, at which a dance was in progress, in front of which a crowd was gathering. Pushing my way through into the dance room I saw a man lying dead on the floor.

I recognized the dead man as Wm. McEntee, who was a brother-in-law of the famous pugilist, John C. Heenan. McEntee had been shot dead by a gambler (name forgotten), who in the crowd and excitement had escaped. The body of McEntee was taken by his friends to the Heenan cottage, another place of bad reputation, kept by Tim Heenan, and situated on the side hill above the Chase House. Tim Heenan was also a relative of the famous John C. Heenan.

Next day the man who had done the shooting was found at the Morey Farm Hotel, whither he had gone, and had sent word to the police that if he would be protected from the mob he was ready to give himself up.

Col. David Gardner was Chief of Police at the time, and taking W. S. Guffey with him, brought the murderer back to the office of Squire Solly for a hearing. When it became known that the man was in custody the friends of McEntee to the

number of thirty or forty gathered in front of the squire's office, openly displaying a rope and declaring they would hang him then and there if any attempt was made to take him out of town. They did not, however, attempt any interference with the squire's office.

This gang of thugs had reckoned without their host. Col. Gardner, who had led his cavalry regiment in many bloody charges during the war, was in charge of the prisoner and was a bad man to trifle with when doing a lawful duty.

Chief Gardner immediately summoned a posse, among whom were John A. Wiley, W. S. Guffey, R. R. Armour, D. C. Hart, Henry Lang, Leonard Church, Capt. Edward Buford, C. H. Wilton, and others whose names are forgotten, to the number of twelve or fifteen (the writer included), to assist in protecting the prisoner, who was kept close in the squire's office until the posse could assemble. They soon reported, all on horseback, armed with business dealing machinery, also bringing the Colonel's horse and one for the prisoner, whom Justice Solly had committed to jail without bail.

General John Buford commanded a cavalry division at Gettysburg, and it was his command that opened the battle on the first day. Captain Edward Buford, mentioned here, commanded a cavalry company under his famous

brother. Captain Buford and Colonel Gardner were old comrades and warm personal friends.

Chief Gardner then notified the crowd that the first man who attempted any interference would be shot dead, instructing his deputies to that effect. The crowd of toughs knew full well what that declaration meant when coming from Chief Gardner.

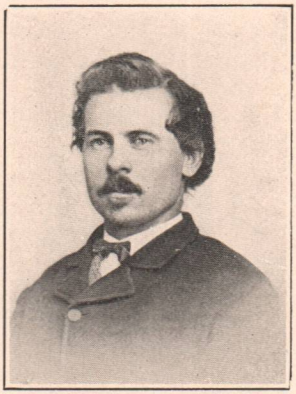
The prisoner was then brought out, placed on horseback and escorted out of town on the road to Franklin. After going several miles, the posse, all but one assistant, were dismissed and Chief Gardner landed his prisoner safely in the county jail. On trial he was acquitted on the ground of self-defense.

On the night of January 19, 1866, occurred the attempted robbery of the Pithole City postoffice.

The office had been closed at nine o'clock. About eleven o'clock A. E. Russell, first assistant postmaster, had occasion to go to the office for some purpose. On entering he discovered that several large letter sacks, which had been made ready for the early outgoing stages, were missing. Also that a window at the rear of the building had been forced open. He immediately notified the postmaster, S. S. Hill, who was asleep in his room at the Chase House. Chief of Police Gardner was also quickly found. Snow on the ground disclosed the fact that no

wagon had been used, the robbers evidently carrying away the sacks on foot. Help was soon summoned and a party of several men, assisted by the tracks in the fresh snowfall, started in pursuit.

Over the hill about one-half mile west they came up with the robbers, concealed



A. E. Russell.

among some large rocks, just commencing to rifle the sacks. The whole gang, five or six in number, fled at the approach of the officers. Gardner and his men gave chase, capturing two, the others getting away. Upon examination it was found that but few of the pouches had yet been cut open and the robbers in their haste leaving nearly everything.

The sacks contained much money and valuable matter.

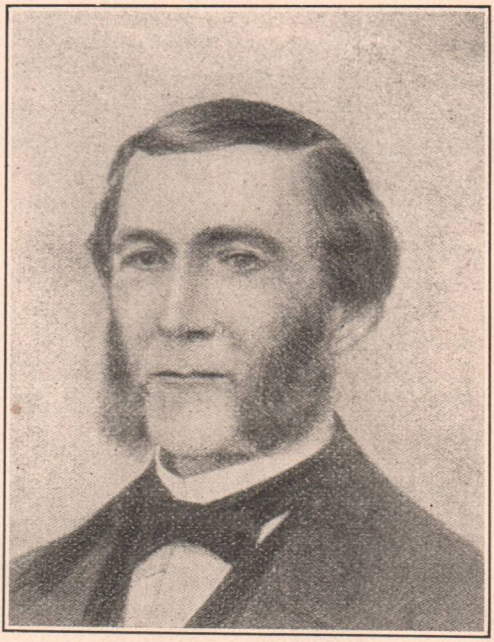
Assistant postmaster Russell was an efficient officer and his prompt action no doubt saved the government from heavy loss and the community from inconvenience. Andy is now a resident of Oil City.

The Pithole and Miller Farm pipe line, which was the first successfully operated pipe line, was built from Miller Farm on Oil creek to Pithole in the summer of 1865, distance about six miles. The owners were Samuel Van Syckel, of Titusville; H. C. Ohlen and Reed & Cogswell, of New York.

Van Syckel was the ruling spirit, and to him belongs the credit of carrying to completion and a fair success the first successfully working pipe line in the country.

"All projects of the kind were abandoned until the year 1865, when Mr. Samuel Van Syckel conceived the very happy thought of extending the tuoing of the well, as it were, to the station oesired, however distant, and laid the first line of two-inch tubing, six miles in length, from Pithole to the Miller farm. The mechanical success of this line soon caused the matter to be taken up by others, and the length and capacity of the lines soon extended over the upper and finally over the lower oil regions."—(Caldwell's History of Western Pennsylvania.)

He was in many respects a remarkable man. I was intimately acquainted with him for a long time, both socially and in



SAMUEL VAN SYCKEL.

a confidential business way, and handled many hundreds of thousands of dollars of his money. His failure late in 1866 left me quite a heavy loser, yet I desire to add a tribute to his memory.

He was an honest, kind-hearted man, whose misfortunes were caused not so much from his own faults as from the

WILLIAM B. SNOW.

faults of those from whom he should have received better treatment. He died at Buffalo, March 2, 1894.

I was employed as timekeeper and paymaster when the line was being constructed. Wm. B. Snow, who has been dead many years, was the mechanical engineer.

He was a thorough, practical mechanic and his death was a loss to the oil country.

A large proportion of the people believed it a visionary scheme, that the projectors were crazy and predicted that it would be a failure, as had been a line previously laid from the mouth of Cherry run (now Rouseville) to the Humbolt refinery, located at Plumer, distant about three miles, and abandoned as not being a practical way of handling oil. But Van Syckel, with his perseverance and energy, and Snow, with his mechanical genius, both firm in the belief that success would be the result, went ahead.

I was young and ambitious, with enough self-conceit to heartily join in carrying out the work of construction under the direction of Snow.

When it was found to be a success, the teamsters, seeing their occupation going, tore up and destroyed the pipe in many places. The company had to appeal to the sheriff of the county for protection and a guard of deputies was placed along the line.

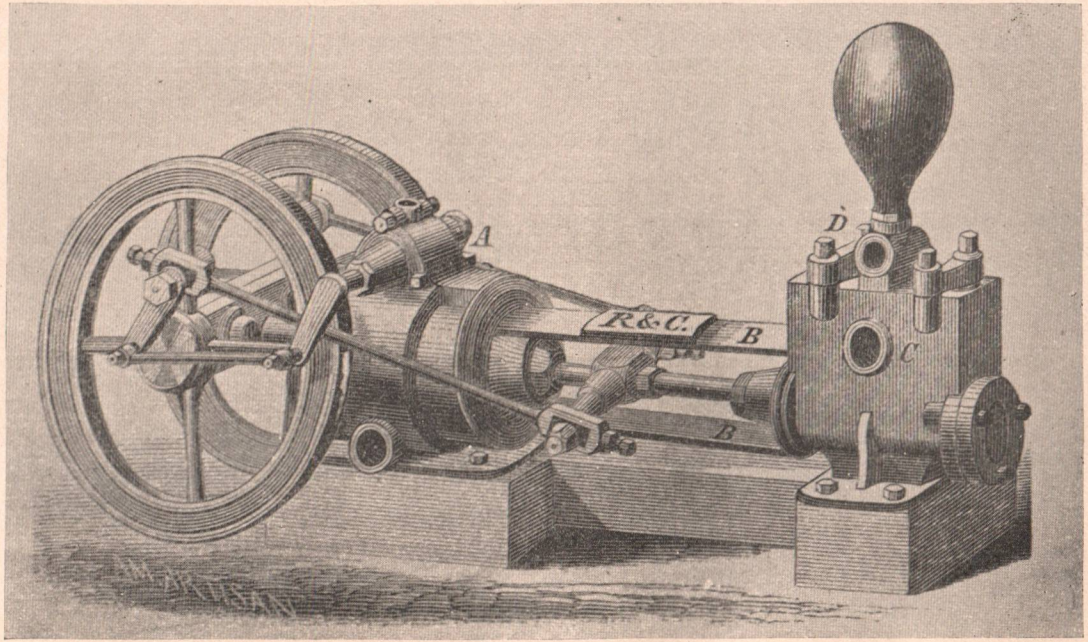
The first two-inch line was completed and the first oil successfully pumped through to Miller Farm about the first of October, 1865.

Reed & Cogswell furnished the pumps and machinery for the line. The pumps were the old style flywheel Reed pattern,

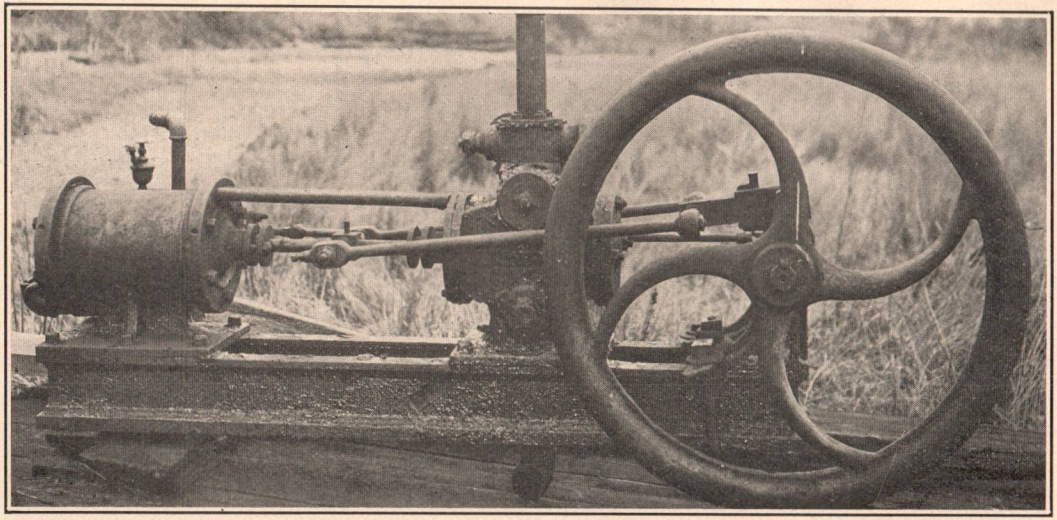
with steam cylinder ten or twelve inches, and oil end about six inches, and against a pressure of three or four hundred pounds would handle forty to fifty barrels per hour through a two-inch line six miles. Those pumps would look small beside the giants now used by the National Transit Company.

Up to this time more than fifteen hundred teams had found employment in hauling oil from Pithole to the several points of shipment; carting charges being sometimes as high as three dollars per barrel to Miller Farm, Titusville and the Allegheny river.

The official force of the line when completed, was Samuel Vansyckel, general manager; M. E. Vansyckel, superintendent; Emmett Fleming, secretary, in charge of accounts; A. W. Smiley assistant superintendent and general agent at Pithole in charge of the buying department; Wm. B. Snow, chief engineer; George E. Coutant, superintendent of teams; Wm. Tompkins, dump boss; George Etzel, night watchman; Charles Carner, foreman of line walkers, which included the force of deputy sheriffs to protect the line; A. K. Thurber, telegraph operator at Pithole office. All the officials of the company, including the writer, were threatened by the teamsters with transportation to a warmer climate.



THE FIRST PIPE LINE PUMP, USED ON PITHOLE AND MILLER FARM LINE OCTOBER 1, 1865.



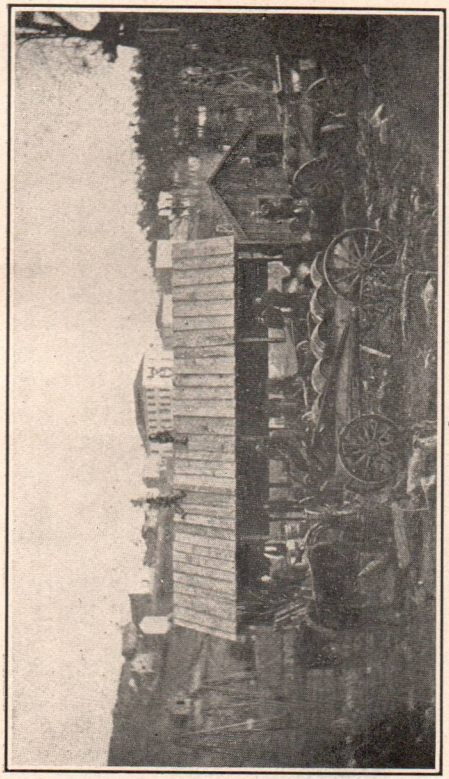
Old Hero Pump.

I still live, however, to enjoy the memories of those exciting times.

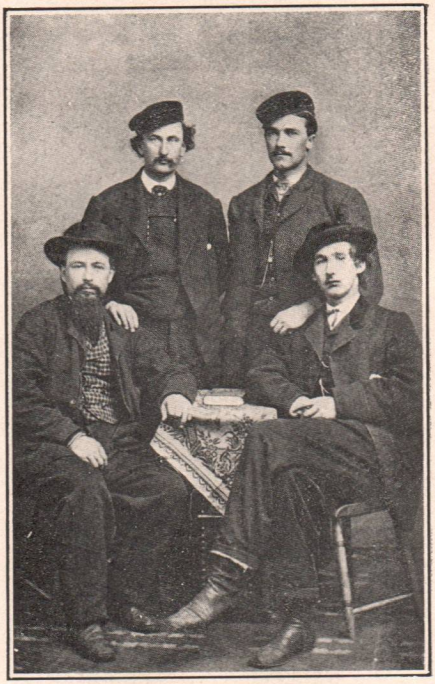
After the completion of the line I was made assistant superintendent and general agent, having charge of the buying department at the Pithole end for Mr. Van Syckel, who dealt extensively. My largest purchase was one hundred thousand barrels in one lot from the United States Petroleum Co. at five dollars per barrel. One of the conditions of this purchase was that one hundred thousand dollars in currency must be paid down.

"The pipeage was one dollar a barrel, at which rate the Pithole and Miller farm pipe line ought to have been a bonanza. Van Syckel traded heavily in oil and commanded plenty of capital. A. W. Smiley managed the line and bought oil for Van Syckle, who conducted this branch of business in his son's name. Smiley's largest transaction was a purchase of one hundred thousand barrels at five dollars a barrel, from the United States Petroleum Company, in one lot. Young Van Syckel spent money as the whim struck him. If Smiley refused his demand for a hundred or a thousand dollars, the fly youth would refuse to sign drafts and threaten to stop the whole concern. There was nothing to do in such cases but imitate Colonel Scott's coon and 'come down.'"—(Sketches in Crude Oil—McLaurin.)

An incident connected with this transaction was to me, at least, interesting. I was in touch by wire with Mr. Van Syckel, who was at Titusville, and informed him of the conditions necessary to close the deal. He instructed me to accept the



Pipe Line Dump—Pithole.



COUTANT. SMILEY.
VAN SYCKEL. FLEMING.

terms and meet him at Miller Farm that evening and get the money.

Wm. Tompkins, our dump boss at Pithole, and George Etzel, night watchman, were two of our most trusted employes, both large, powerful men, I had confided to them what I had to do and instructed them to go with me by stage to Miller Farm, telling them we would walk back through the woods by the path along the pipe line. I adopted this plan as a precaution rather than go horseback or by conveyance over the plank road, as it was not unusual to see at any time of night the line walkers with lanterns along the line.

The money, wrapped up in common grocery paper, was delivered to me and while I had every confidence in the two men with me, yet I felt easier when we got to Pithole and had the money in a safe place.

I knew full well that if the men did not betray me that woe would befall the man or men that would attack us with hostile intent, as we were all well provided with Colt's latest edition of annihilators.

It was just about dark when we left Miller Farm, and I entrusted the package to Tompkins and for reasons of my own I walked behind. We made the trip, however, without meeting any bad looking people. The next morning I deliv-

ered the money to John Macdonald at the United States Petroleum Co.'s office. Tompkins was from Pennyan, N. Y., and Etzel was from Clarion county, Pa., both long since dead. They were true-hearted, honest, and reliable and were well re-

JOHN MACDONALD.

membered for their loyalty to me, and the company we all represented. Such men are the salt of the earth and should not be forgotten.

The pipeage charges were one dollar per barrel, which will explain the anxiety

BONTA HOUSE.

U. S. OIL CO.'S OFFICE.

of Mr. Van Syckel to secure the one hundred thousand barrel lot.

This rate was gradually reduced, when other lines were built and came into the business.

When the Miller Farm pipe line was found to be a success others were started and hurried the completion to get a share of the Pithole trade. One was built from Titusville, known as the Sherman and Pickett line, afterwards going to the Empire Transportation Co. Another was built from Pithole to Henry's Bend on the Allegheny river, known as the Henry's Bend Pipe Line Co.

The lines from Miller Farm, Titusville and Henry's Bend were all two-inch wrought iron butt-weld pipe, a very inferior quality to the pipe used at the present time. A six-inch cast iron lead jointed pipe was also laid by Vandergrift & Foreman from Oleopolis, on the Allegheny river, up Pithole creek. This line had no pumps at first, the oil running from the dump tanks by gravity to Oleopolis, a distance of about seven miles.

The Pithole and Miller Farm pipe line was built with helping pumps along the line; that is, in addition to pump at receiving station at Pithole, there were three helping pumps between there and Miller Farm. The first was located at the foot of Morey Hill, the next one at West Pithole creek, the third at Cherry

P. & M. Pipe Line, Miller Farm.

run. Soon after the line was put in operation the chief engineer, Mr. Wm. B. Snow began experimenting, first by cutting out the pump at Cherry run, which was nearest to Miller Farm. He found no perceptible change in the amount getting through to Miller Farm. He next cut out the pump at West Pithole with the same result. The Morey Hill pump was then taken off and Mr. Snow found he was getting about the same amount of oil through with one pump at Pithole as he had been with the four. These side or helping stations, were then entirely abandoned. This was in November, 1865.

The Pithole and Miller Farm line was the first to get into operation, October 2, 1865. The six-inch line to Oleopolis, December 13. 1865. The Henry's Bend pipe line, December 23, 1865. The Sherman and Pickett line to Titusville, afterwards the Titusville Pipe Co., got into operation in March, 1866.

The "Hand Book of Petroleum" contains an article from the pen of the late Charles P. Hatch, in which he mentions that the Titusville Pipe Co. was the first to pump through without the help of side or additional pumps. The credit for this advance in the business belongs to Mr. Wm. B. Snow. The next two-inch line completed after the Miller Farm line was the Henry's Bend line, which got into operation in December, 1865, under the

superintendency of Henry Ramsey. This line was being built on the same plan as the Miller Farm line; that is, with the sub-stations. Mr. Ramsey and Mr. Snow were friends, and Mr. Ramsey frequently sought Mr. Snow's advice. I recall distinctly the conferences held in my office between the two men during the time Mr. Snow was experimenting with the one-pump plan, Mr. Ramsey closely watching the outcome, the result being that he never completed his side stations, but from the beginning pumped direct to Henry's Bend with one pump.

The Titusville line did not get into operation until March, 1866.

Mr. Hatch also claims in his article that the Titusville line was the first to use run tickets with a duplicate stub, and fixes the time as the summer of 1868. The accommodation pipe line on the flats at Pithole used stub run tickets as early as August, 1866. The writer, who was half owner and manager of the accommodation line, has in his possession yet one of the tickets used in the summer of 1866

In after years I became intimately associated with Mr. Hatch, he being for many years my superior officer in the pipe line business. He was an honorable man, and I fully believe were he alive would cheerfully correct any error he had fallen

into. He died in Philadelphia, Pa., May 5, 1900.

I believe I was the first to suggest the idea of having tanks at wells designated by a registered number, that is, each tank to have its own number. No two to have the same. This was in the summer of 1872. I was at the time super-

CHARLES P. HATCH.

intendent of the Foxburg division of the Union Pipe Co., with office at Foxburg, Pa. Up to this time there had been more or less confusion in keeping the accounts correct, because each well of any importance would usually have more than one tank numbered 1, 2, 3 and up. These

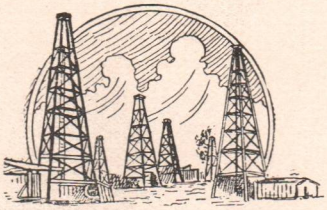
tanks were not always the same size. Often a well would have several tanks of different sizes, and in many cases there was no mark or fixed number on these tanks, and the gauger running the oil for the pipe company would have to take the well owners' statement as to which was number 1, 2, or 3. I discovered that frequently a dishonest well owner would give a new gauger the number of the largest tank, when the oil was actually run from a smaller one, the gauger making his ticket giving the number as obtained from the well owner and returning the same to the office, when credit would be given from the larger tank table, when it should have been from a smaller one. This, of course, being a fraud and swindle on the company.

I pointed out to the general manager (Mr. Charles P. Hatch) the condition of things and suggested the idea of having a registered number for each tank the company was connected with, beginning with No. 1, and no two to be the same. Mr. Hatch at once approved of the plan and immediately instructed all of the three division superintendents to carry it into effect as soon as practicable. My division was given the numbers 1 to 2000, the Parker division 2,000 to 4,000 and the Butler division from 4,000 up.

All lines since have followed the system.

I am firm in the belief that there are yet improvements to be made in the handling of oil from wells in the field that would be more satisfactory in results as well as a saving in expense.

For a long time I have not been in a position whereby to experiment, therefore it is up to those in authority to work out.



CHAPTER X.

IN the early days of pipe lines all oil was handled from the wells in barrels. Each pipe line would have dump tanks to which the oil was hauled by wagons, then dumped and pumped away. None of the lines in the beginning of the pipe line business connected direct to tanks at wells.

I claim the credit, if there be any, of being the first to suggest and put into operation the idea of connecting direct to tanks at wells, and in the summer of 1866, in company with George E. Coutant, of New York, built what was known as the accommodation pipe line, owned by Smiley & Coutant.

"September 1, 1866.—Messrs. Smiley and Coutant make arrangements to transfer oil through pipes from any of the wells of the Pithole district to any given shipping point in the neighborhood, at which the owners may wish the oil delivered."—(Hand Book of Petroleum, p. 77—P. C. Boyle.)

The accommodation line extended over the flats along Pithole creek, connecting direct to tanks at the best wells. Our business was to transfer oil from tanks at wells to the dump stations of the different through lines.

SMILEY AND COUTANT.

This little line held the same relative position to the then through lines as the United Pipe Lines and other gathering lines do now to the trunk lines of the National Transit Co. This marked a new era in the transportation of oil. All the other lines soon connected to tanks at wells, and in a short time the barreling and hauling of oil by wagons faded into the history of the past. The outfit of the accommodation line consisted of one twenty-horse boiler, one 12 by 8-inch pump, two 250-barrel tanks and about four miles of two-inch pipe, with the necessary fittings, fixtures, etc.

The two wooden tanks were located on a side hill above the railroad track, and from these tanks was loaded the first tank car ever loaded at Pithole. This was an Empire Transportation Co. car, with two wooden tanks thereon, each holding about thirty barrels.

Our pipeage for this transfer was twenty-five cents per barrel, and in many cases we had to transfer the oil less than a stone's throw. Cartage by teams for the same service was fifty cents to one dollar per barrel.

This mode of transfer and cut of rates was to the teamsters the last straw, and many were the threats against the accommodation pipe line and its owners.

After the little line had led the way and demonstrated that to connect direct

with tanks at wells was the proper thing, all the through lines followed suit and not only was the teamster's occupation gone, but also the business of the local line. I may say, however, that for a time we did a good business and made money. When I saw that the accommodation line would soon be forced out I sold my one-half interest to G. A. Kelly, of Pittsburg, receiving in pay three thousand dollars in cash. The line was soon after entirely abandoned. I was half owner and manager of the accommodation line up to the time I sold out, also general agent and assistant superintendent of the Pithole and Miller Farm line.

Run tickets were first used by the accommodation pipe line, the form (not quite as elaborate as now) was gotten up by myself, and printed at the Pithole Record establishment, presided over at that time by W. H. Longwell and Warren C. Plummer. They were simple in form and were the outgrowth of the teamster's shipping bill of those days. Nearly every well owner and dealer had a form of their own for a teamster's ticket, and from these the thought suggested itself of a run ticket showing in bulk the amount of oil taken from a well tank.

CHAPTER XI.

TANK tables scaled up and computed by inches did not come into use for some time after the system of connecting direct to tanks at wells was adopted. The amount received from each well tank was figured by a given mathematical rule and a run ticket given showing the amount in bulk.

The tank table scaled up by inches and fractional parts has played a very prominent part in the history of crude petroleum, yet I do not recall that any of the writers of oil happenings have said much about this very important feature of the business, therefore it may be of some little interest to the reader to know something in reference to the subject. The Oil Creek railroad was extended from Titusville down the creek, thereby placing the shipping points and facilities nearer to the actual producing regions.

Located at the Miller Farm in the summer of 1865 were several shipping concerns, the largest of which was Densmore Bros., James, Amos and Emmett; associated with them were D. T. Watson and Clint Roudebush, the latter having charge

of the New York end of the business. Another shipping company was Gen. M. H. Avery and E. M. Hidden as the company of Hidden & Avery. All these companies had dumps to which oil from Pithole, Shamburg and other points was hauled in barrels and sold at the dumps, then re-barreled from the dumps and loaded on cars, a car load being sixty barrels standing on ends.

The firm of Hidden & Avery discovered that in filling barrels from their dump tank they were not getting as many barrels out as they were paying for at the dump. Their suspicions carried them to a point where they broke in the heads of a number of barrels used by teamsters, when they found the barrels dead-wooded on the inside to the extent of many gallons each. These barrels had evidently been made for the purpose of cheating; that is, they had been constructed by leaving the staves very thick, also the heads, and while the gauge rod through the bung-hole to the crossing on the inside would show the proper number of gallons, yet the barrel actually held many gallons less.

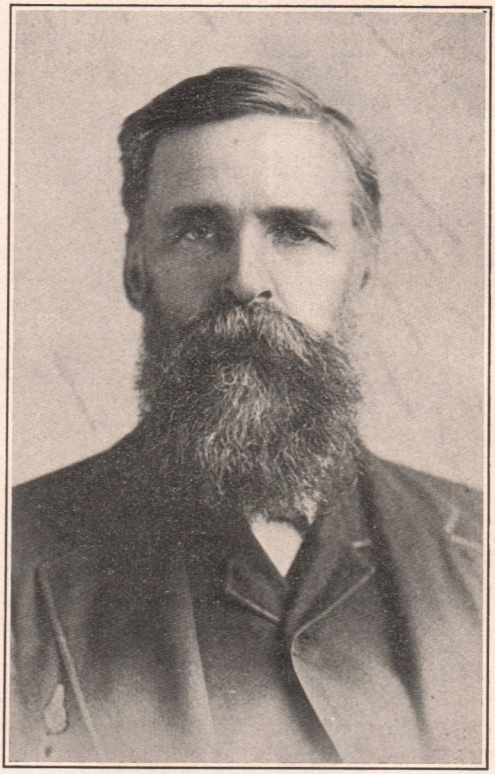
The bookkeeper at this time (August, 1865) for the Densmore-Watson company was a young man who was known to be highly accomplished in mathematics. Gen. M. H. Avery, of the firm of Hidden & Avery, asked this young man if he could measure up their receiving tank at

the dump and make a scale showing how much the tank would hold in barrels to each foot. The young man made the table as requested. General Avery then applied to him to make a table figured down to inches and fractional parts. He very soon produced the table, and this was the first tank table made scaled by inches.

The writer has no fear of successful contradiction as to this being the first tank table made and scaled up by inches and fractional parts used in the business. The table was scaled at forty-four gallons for a barrel and the man who made it was F. E. Hammond, who at this writing (March, 1907) is still living at Cuba, N. Y.

Tanks on cars for bulk shipments first came into use shortly after this and the tank table became the important link connecting the business, but the man had arisen to meet the requirements in the person of the gentleman above named. Hammond led the way and is entitled to the credit of being the original tank table maker; of course, others soon got into the business of making tables, including McEntyre, Clark, Arrowsmith, Robinson, Morrow and others.

The following summer of 1866 the accommodation pipe line at Pithole led the way for connecting pipe lines direct to tanks at wells, and the business went to



F. E. Hammond.

the system of being done entirely by tank tables, which was by common consent fixed at forty-two gallons for a barrel of oil, and on this basis the business has been conducted to the present time. The pity for Mr. Hammond is that he did not get his production copyrighted. It most certainly would have made him an easy fortune. It is my pleasure now as it was then to be intimately acquainted with Mr. Hammond, who in a recent letter remarks that it was his fortune to always live on Work Street, instead of Easy Street.

Miller Farm, on the Oil Creek railroad, made a record. It was there the first tank table was made, it was there the first oil pumped through a pipe line was received, and it was from there the first crude oil in tanks on cars was shipped.

The Oil Creek railroad was originally built broad gauge, the same as the Erie and A. & G. W. were at that time. A third rail was added in May, 1865, and both broad and standard gauge cars were run over the road. During the summer of 1865 one of the Densmore brothers (Amos) conceived the idea of shipping crude oil in tanks on cars. This idea was put into execution by Densmore, Watson & Co., and about September 1, 1865, the first two cars were shipped to New York in the name of Clint Roudebush & Co. These two cars were Atlantic flats, with

two wooden tanks, one on each end over the trucks. This was an experiment and the shipment was watched with interest. At Corry a message was sent back reporting the tanks O.K. and not leaking, at Salamanca, Hornellsville, Elmira, and on to New York telegrams were exchanged reporting conditions.

James Densmore and D. T. Watson were the active members of the company at the Miller Farm and Clint Roudebush at New York. Densmore in getting more tank cars and Watson looking after the buying of oil at dump and loading on cars. The Densmore company soon had quite a number of tank cars in service. These tank cars were shipped to New York at the rate of sixty barrels, which was the number of barrels which could be set on end on each car, the prevailing method of shipping heretofore. What these tanks on cars held was a secret for a time. H. F. Sweetzer, general manager of the Oil Creek railroad, got the facts in some way that each tank held from forty-two to forty-five barrels, or eighty-four to ninety barrels on each car going to New York for sixty; briefly, twenty-four to thirty barrels carried for nothing, or rather Clint Roudebush & Co. getting a better rate than other shippers, a scheme that has been worked in many ways since then, to get a better rate than the other fellow.

Pithole reached the summit of its glory in the summer of 1866. Developments with the drill had by this time demonstrated that the rich pool was confined to the Rooker, Holmden, Heiner, Morey and Copeland farms lying somewhat in the form of a parallelogram about two miles long and less than one mile in width. Outside of this there were many

D. C. HART.

paying wells, but none of the gusher class. The exhaustion of the pool and the failure to find others near marked the beginning of the end of the Magic City. Pithole City in its rise and fall stands out clear and distinct as the most wonderful of all oil towns.

From a barren waste it arose within one year to contain a population of nearly

twenty thousand people. Five years more saw a decline to less than a score of residents, and a few years later not a human being lived on the spot and nothing to indicate to a stranger where the city had once stood.

The stamp of desolation is on the place and silence broods where once was activity and life. It would require the acumen and active scrutiny of the exploring traveler to form a probable conjecture as to the actual site of the most wonderful town the oil regions of Pennsylvania have produced. Its streets, once populous, are now ploughed over or browsed by sheep.

The writer, out of curiosity, has visited the place several time since the city faded from view. On my last visit the little Methodist church on the high ground overlooking the site of the town was still there in a fair state of preservation. It stands as a sentinel and merely whispers the tale of its glory. This little church was built during the early excitement by a few faithful Methodists under the ministry of Rev. D. S. Steadman, who was an untiring worker, and because of his genial and social qualities, a general favorite of all who knew him. He is at this writing (March, 1906) still living at Chicora, Butler county, Pa., retired and gray with honored old age. (Rev. Steadman died February 28, 1907.)

As I stood by the little church in the autumn of 1902 and looked down over the site of the city and the desolate valley of Pithole creek, where once could be seen thousands of active humanity and where on every side could be heard the whistle, the hum and buzz of business, I thought to myself that the old Pitholers yet alive ought to get together and chip in enough to have a plain granite shaft erected near where the Chase House stood simply inscribed as a monument to departed worth.

I remained with the Pithole and Miller Farm line until the failure of Mr. Van Syckel in the latter part of 1866. The line then passed into the hands of Abbott & Harley, who were at the head of the Pennsylvania Transportation Company.

I had by this time lost in various ways the greater portion of what I had made in the first year of the excitement. The failure of Mr. Van Syckel helping me still further downward. I was, however, not entirely bankrupt, having yet some money left.

After the pipe line had changed hands I was not actively engaged at anything for the following six months.

On the first day of October, 1866, I was married to a daughter of the late Rev. O. L. Mead, a Methodist minister. I once said to my father-in-law that I thought that I was a pretty tough subject

to get so closely connected with the Methodist church. He replied that there was no room for argument, that he thought so himself.

In the early spring of 1868 I went to Shamburg, then attracting attention because of the rich strikes on the Atkinson farm at that place. I built there and successfully operated a B. S. refinery until the spring of 1869, when a heavy advance in the price of oil caught me on the short end and left me again in the air. I took in a partner in the person of P. R. Gray, then sheriff of Venango county, who took charge of and care of the property.

CHAPTER XII.

APRIL 1, 1870, I accepted a position as agent for the Titusville Pipe Company at Shamburg, relieving Mr. A. C. Beeson, who had resigned to accept a position with Vandergrift & Foreman. The Titusville Pipe Company was owned by the Empire Transportation Co. The late Charles P. Hatch was general manager; Capt. E. O. Adams, superintendent; George Stahl, secretary, in charge of accounts, and Edward Hopkins, agent at Pleasantville. Mr. Hopkins afterwards became general manager of the United Pipe Lines. He died at Oil City on January 22, 1880.

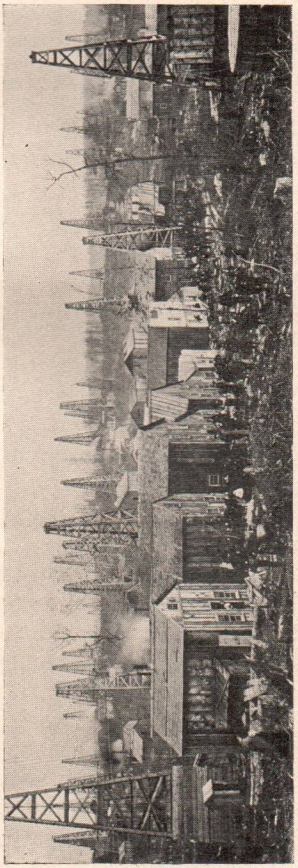
The Shamburg field, over which my district extended, was very productive at that time; the principal producing farms being the Atkinson, Poor, Tallman, Clark, Hoskins and Weed-Mayer. Persons and several others surrounding, furnished fair wells. Situated on the Persons farm, between Shamburg and West Pithole, was the town of Red Hot, which for a time did not belie its name. The place, however, soon cooled off and died a natural death, and not a trace of it is left.

Across the street from my office were the offices of H. A. Speer, W. W. Thompson and Orin Judd (the latter a schoolmate of James A. Garfield, who afterwards became President of the United States), and the hardware store of Backus & Geider, Emery Bros., Oliver, David and Lewis, Jr., also had an office nearby. Adjoining the pipe line office was a large building, in which were the offices of L. H. Smith, Dan Keeny, Col. M. R. Vernon and John Satterfield, all of them of the broad gauge type of genial good fellows, so that the fun there was galore on evenings.

On the other side of my office was the Western Union telegraph office. The messenger boy was F. T. F. (Tom) Lovejoy, who afterwards became prominent with the Carnegie Steel Company. Tommy was a general favorite.

From the beginning of the business down to the present time there have been people who did not regard it a crime to steal oil from a pipe line. Any old pipe liner, gauger, foreman or superintendent, who has had experience in the field will agree with me that they have met many strange attempts in that direction, and it may be possible that it is being done at the present time.

I could relate a score of cases in fields where I have been in charge, some of which were novel in the extreme. One



RED HOT.

case may be worth mentioning, where the fellow thought he was getting the better of the pipe line, but the result proved that the other ox was getting gored.

One of the most productive farms in the Shamburg field, over which my jurisdiction extended, was the Mayer farm, operated by the Chicago Petroleum and Mining Company. H. Mayer, of Chicago, owned the farm and was president of the C. P. & M. Co. The manager of the company was Judge John B. Guthrie, of Pittsburg, father of the present Mayor of that city (George W. Guthrie), and who had himself been Mayor of Pittsburg in 1852. A fine old gentleman, whose honesty and integrity could not be questioned. He had an office on the farm not far from the pipe line office.

The president of the company had sent out from Chicago a dudish sort of fellow to assist the Judge and make himself generally useful. He knew nothing about the oil business when he came, but soon became swelled up to think he knew all about it. One of the duties the Judge assigned to this young man was to be with the pipe line gauger when oil was run to verify the measurements and sign the duplicate stub ticket. Our gauger, who ran the oil from the Mayer farm, was Adam Miller, still living in Armstrong county, near Foxburg. One day

shortly after the young dude arrived, Mr. Miller came to the office and made request that I go and measure with the young man the next tank to be run. I requested an explanation, but Miller simply remarked that I would likely find

ADAM MILLER.

out his reason for making the request when I came to measure with Mr. ———. The day following a 600-barrel tank was ready to run and I appeared as the gauger. The first measure did not disclose anything out of the regular order; the

dude and I both agreeing to the figures. The tank would not be out for the last measure until after dark. When I again appeared with my lantern, leaving the same at a safe distance, the young man was also on hand. After the pole had been put into the tank it had to be taken to the lantern to see what it showed for the last measure, which was plain thirteen inches. The young man then took from his pocket a half pint flask of good whiskey and offered me a drink, which, of course, I took. He then offered me a cigar with the remark that the figures looked more like eighteen than thirteen inches, and that we might as well let it go at eighteen. I took the cigar, and (to use a slang expression) was "dead on." I filled out the ticket at eighteen with pencil. I then asked him if they had a copy of the tank table at the office, of which he said they had. I asked him to figure carefully the difference so that we could divide afterwards. Before reporting the run by wire I corrected the stub I held to the right figure, which was thirteen inches. The difference between thirteen and eighteen inches in the bottom of a 600-barrel tank was about twenty barrels, and oil was worth at the time, about $4.50 per barrel.

The next morning he came to my office and excitedly told me that he had discovered something, and only asked a

pledge from me that I would not tell the Judge. "I promised." Gauger Miller was a total abstainer and could not be bought by either a drink or a smoke. But with me it was different. Not noticing the young man about for several days after, I made inquiry as to what had become of him. The Judge told me that he had become very homesick and had gone back to Chicago.

Another peculiar case occurred in the Shamburg field, where a producer undertook to "swipe" some royalty. A public road was the dividing line between two farms. Near the road on one side were two wells on which there was no royalty, the producer owning the land in fee. Directly across the road the same man owned two good wells on a lease, paying one-fourth royalty. My gauger reported to me one day that he had discovered a pipe leading underground across the road from the tank in which there was the one-fourth royalty to the tank in which there was no royalty. I instructed him not to run oil from either tank until further orders, as I thought it might involve the pipe company in trouble. I reported the case to the general manager, Mr. Hatch, who approved of my order, and thanked both the gauger and myself for our prompt action. In the meantime, the royalty owner had discovered the situation and entered legal proceedings. The

case was settled—I never knew how—and the pipe across the road removed.

Nothing of importance, as far as I was concerned, occurred while I was with the Titusville Pipe Company, just the usual routine work of the business.

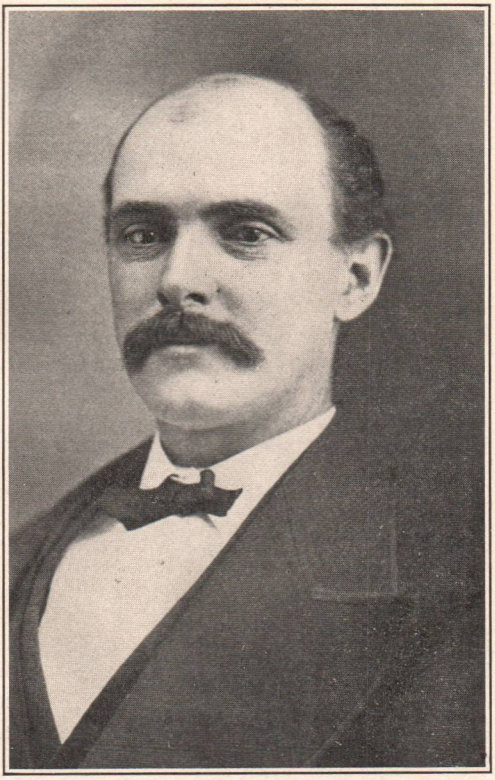
Early in the year 1872 the Empire Transportation Company bought and took control of the Mutual Pipe Company, then covering the new developments in Clarion and Armstrong counties, with headquarters at Foxburg, with Charles P. Hatch as general manager. Soon after taking control of the Mutual line Mr. Hatch sent for me and I was made superintendent of the Mutual line. Mr. James H. Snow had built the Mutual line for Martin & Harms as far as it extended, up to the change of ownership. Mr. Snow afterwards resigned to accept a position with Mr. Daniel O'Day, who was starting the construction of a line from Turkey run to Emlenton, which when completed, took the name of the Emlenton Pipe Company, and afterwards changed to the American Transfer Co. This line was later extended to Oil City and was the nucleus of the United Pipe Lines system. Mr. Snow afterwards became general superintendent of the whole National Transit Company, with headquarters in New York, in which position he remained until his death.

Mutual Pipe Line Office, Foxburg.

Mr. Snow had no superior as a field pipe liner.

Under my supervision the Mutual line was extended with the developments until it covered all the producing territory as far as Elk City, in Clarion county, and all north of Parker on the west side of the Allegheny river. The purchase by the Empire Transportation Co. of the Mutual line was soon followed by the purchase of the Union pipe line at Parker. Foxburg and the mouth of the Clarion river were the delivery points of the Mutual line to the Allegheny Valley R. R. The Union line delivered at Parker and opposite the mouth of Bear creek. The Union line was extended with the developments to Butler in 1876, establishing a delivery point at Dilks station on the Pennsylvania R. R. October 1, 1873, the Mutual, Union and Butler lines were re-organized under the name of "The Union Pipe Company," composed of the Butler, Parker and Foxburg divisions.

The official force under the new organization was composed of: Charles P. Hatch, general manager; Charles J. Eastwick, general agent, with headquarters at Parker; John H. Dilks, superintendent of the Butler division, office at Butler; W. C. Henry, superintendent of the Parker division, office at Parker; A. W. Smiley, superintendent of Foxburg



O. L. Davis.

division, office at Foxburg; T. D. Enwright, in charge of Butler division accounts at Butler; O. P. Swisher, in charge of Parker division accounts at Parker; F. H. Langworthy, in charge of Foxburg division accounts at Foxburg; W. A. Imus, superintendent of telegraph department.

I divided my division into two districts, namely, the east side and west side, the Allegheny river being the dividing line. The late O. L. Davis, of Olean, was made foreman of the east side, which included all of Clarion county. Ira P. Allen, at this writing still living at Garfield, N. J., was made foreman of the west side, which included all territory north of Toms run, which falls into the Allegheny river just above Parker City.

Charles P. Hatch was father of the general average assessment system, which after a stubborn resistance by producers, went first into effect after the destruction by fire at Parker, April 12, 1876, of three iron tanks containing about 50,000 barrels of oil. The producers protested for a time, but finally became satisfied that the system would be fair to all, and the best insurance they could get.

The Titusville Pipe Company, under the management of Mr. Hatch, had also been the first to put into effect the two per cent deduction for waste and evaporation. There was strong opposition

IRA P. ALLEN.

among the producers of the Shamburg and Pleasantville fields, covered by the Titusville Pipe Company. Mass meetings were held to protest, but Mr. Hatch stood firm in his resolve to protect his company from a loss that was unavoidable, and the deduction of two per cent commenced December 1, 1868. Both systems have been in force on all lines since the dates above mentioned.

I remained as superintendent of the Foxburg division of the Union line until October, 1877, when the Union line with other lines were absorbed by the United Pipe Lines, controlled by the Standard Oil Company.

The business in the Clarion county field during the years 1874-'75-'76-'77 was divided, there being five different lines competing for the trade, namely, the Union, the American Transfer, the Sandy, the Antwerp and the Atlantic, and the competition was strenuous at times.

This was the era of what was termed "woods" oil.

Each line had a buying department and the competition at times reached a condition whereby oil would be bought from a well owner before it was produced, and this kind of dealing took the name of buying woods oil. I recall a case where I bought from a well 1,000 barrels at $4.10 per barrel, and paid for the same in full before the well was tubed. I was

at the well when it was drilled in, and was satisfied that it was a good one. And knowing the two young men who owned the well bore a good reputation for honesty, and also knowing that they were not loaded with funds, I made the deal. I may add that all the oil was faithfully delivered. All the lines did this kind of business more or less. As before mentioned, every field has had its quota of people who were ready to steal oil from a pipe line, and the Clarion field was not an exception. Notwithstanding the sharp competition for business among the different lines, they all stood solidly together in protecting each other against thievery. Many cases were rounded up. When made acquainted with the facts all the lines would refuse to run oil for the thief until he settled with the line from which the theft was made. This usually brought the culprit to time, and many cases were settled without public exposure.

One day in the summer of 1876 the general manager of the Union Pipe Co. (Mr. Hatch), informed me that a party of gentlemen from Philadelphia, who were high officials of the Empire Transportation Co., would be at Foxburg at a certain time on a tour of inspection of their pipe line property, and instructed me to make arrangements for their comfort and entertainment, also telling me that they would

likely want to make a trip over my division of the lines, as far as Edenburg, which was then the center of excitement in Clarion county.

I arranged the program for the party to go on horseback from Foxburg to Edenburg, as by that means I could show them much better what I desired to do. When the party arrived at Foxburg it consisted of Col. Joseph D. Potts, president of the E. T. Co., and four other officials of the company. My foreman for Clarion county at that time was the late O. L. Davis, of Olean, N. Y. I instructed Davis to arrange with one of the hotels at Edenburg for dinner for the party and to spare no expense to have it right, timing the program so as to arrive there with the party about noon.

I provided good saddle horses and the party, including Mr. Hatch and myself, left Foxburg early in the morning, going by the way of the Clarion river to the mouth of Turkey run, thence by Turkey City, Dogtown and Pickwick, arriving at Edenburg about twelve o'clock.

It had become known in the town that a party of officials were en route and quite a crowd had assembled. Leaving the horses at a livery, myself and Mr. Davis escorted the party to the hotel where dinner had been arranged for.

Approaching the entrance our attention was attracted to a large, full sheet of

grocery paper tacked on the front of the hotel, artistically lettered with black paint, which read:

First National Hashery.
Special Rates and Accommodations for Pipe Liners.
Cold Meals at All Hours.
Beds With or Without Bugs.
Leave Orders With the Porter
And
Settle With the Cook.

Unbeknown to the proprietor this had been placed on a front window by a wag of the town just a few minutes before we arrived. The sign created considerable merriment at my expense, the crowd as well as my own party giving me the laugh. The dinner was fine in every detail and the landlord received many compliments. The whole party, however, laughed heartily over the joke, and one of the gentlemen from Philadelphia secured the paper sign, saying he wanted to show his friends at home a copy of the sign at the hotel where they had stopped. The landlord was himself a practical joker and I have always had some doubts whether he knew of it or not. (Jack) John A. Showles was his name; he died some years since in Milwaukee.

Mr. Potts, not being accustomed to horseback riding, was pretty well tired, and I sent the whole party back to Foxburg by easy carriages.

CHAPTER XIII.

THE Foxburg, St. Petersburg & Clarion R. R. Company was organized in 1876 with the following board of directors: Wm. L. Fox, president; J. M. Guffey, John V. Ritts, A. W. Smiley, Jas. Blakslee, John C. Porterfield and F. H. Ball.

The road (narrow gauge) was built from Foxburg to Jefferson, where it connected with the Emlenton, Shippenville & Clarion R. R., running from Emlenton to Clarion. A reporter for a Pittsburg paper once went over the road, and upon his return he declared that the engineer who located the line must have had the jim-jams. He insisted that the train he was on at one place came near having a head-on collision with itself.

Soon after the Foxburg road was built it was merged with the Emlenton-Shippenville road under one management. About this time a party of Foxburg men, the writer being one of the number, organized the Foxburg, Kane & Bradford Railroad Co., secured a charter and made a survey from Shippenville to Kane.

FOXBURG, ST. PETERSBURG AND CLARION R. R.

No. 2. TIME TABLE. No. 2.

PASSENGER TRAINS.

The right is reserved to vary from this as circumstances may require.

TO TAKE EFFECT NOVEMBER 19TH, '77.

EASTWARD.							WESTWARD.					
First Class					DISTANCE	NAME OF STATION.	DISTANCE	First Class.				
9	7	5	3	1				2	4	6	8	10
P.M.	P.M.	P.M.	A.M.	A.M.		Leave. Arrive.		A.M.	P.M.	P.M.	P.M.	P.M.
6.45	4.35	12.45	10.45	8.20		Foxburg,	8.4	10.30	12.20	4.20	6.15	8.55
6.55	4.45	12.55	10.55	8.30	2.3	*East Foxburg	6.1	10.20	12.10	4.10	6.05	8.45
7.00	4.50	1.00	11.00	8.35	3.7	St. Petersburg,	4.7	10.10	12.00	4.00	6.00	8.40
7.05	4.55	1.05	11.05	8.40	4.8	*Ashbaugh,	3.6	10.05	11.55	3.55	5.55	8.35
7.15	5.03	1.13	11.13	8.48	6.4	Richmond,	2.0	9.57	11.47	3.47	5.47	8.25
7.30	5.15	1.25	11.25	9.00	8.4	Turkey City, Arrive. Leave.		9.45	A.M. 11.35	3.35	5.35	8.10

*Flag Stations.

ALL TRAINS WILL RUN DAILY EXCEPT SUNDAYS.

H. S. Arnold
Dispatcher

JOHN GRAHAM, JR., Sup't.

F. A. TOZER, PRINT, ST. PETERSBURG, PA.

FIRST SCHEDULE OF F. ST. P. & C. R. R.

Mr. Wm. L. Fox died April 29, 1880. The writer soon after secured control of the Foxburg, Kane & Bradford franchise and turned it over to the Emlenton and Foxburg organization.

The three companies were soon after consolidated as the Pittsburg, Bradford & Buffalo R. R. Company.

The new consolidated company then completed the road from Clarion Junction to Kane. The Pittsburg & Western R. R. was at the time a narrow gauge running from Allegheny to Butler. This road secured the Parker & Karns City road, running from Parker to Butler, and soon after the whole narrow gauge system from Allegheny to Kane was consolidated as the Pittsburg & Western, and made standard gauge from Allegheny to Foxburg, but is yet narrow gauge from Foxburg to Kane, and the whole is now a part of the Baltimore & Ohio system.

Had Mr. Wm. L. Fox lived the road from Kane to Foxburg would, no doubt, have gone to the Pennsylvania system, as negotiations to that effect were pending when he died.

In October, 1877, the Union Pipe Company, with several others, was merged into the United Pipe Lines system, controlled by the Standard Oil Company. The consolidation of these lines with so many men naturally resulted in throwing many out of employment, and I was

among the number that, on January 1, 1878, was dropped from the payroll. I was not idle long, however, for the first of February following found me engaged in building the Fox Farm pipe line. This line was owned by the Fox estate, and with the exception of a few surrounding farms, was confined to their own lands, their production at the time being very considerable. I built and managed the line until the spring of 1880, when Mr. Wm. L. Fox died and the Fox heirs leased the line for a term of years to the United system. During the lease of the line I was kept at Foxburg as oil buyer for Mr. Joseph Bushnell, who was buyer for the Standard in the district that included Foxburg. At the expiration of the lease of the Fox line it went over by purchase to the United, and the buying office at Foxburg went into the hands of D. E. Furness.

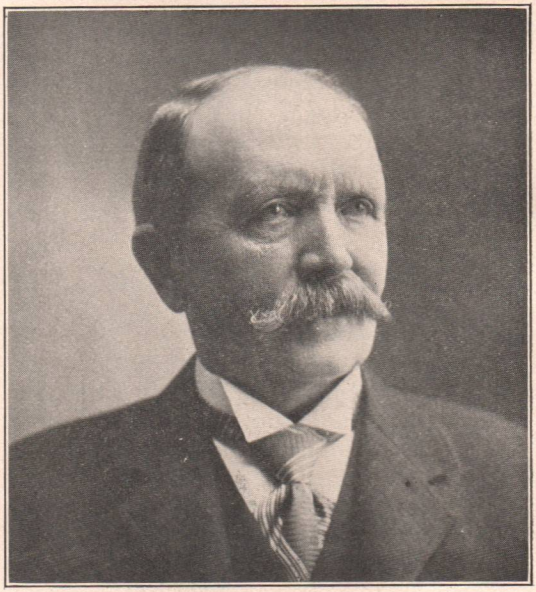
During the summer of 1884 I mixed up some in politics, being a candidate for the Legislature, without success. It was in this summer that I came near closing a contract with the British government for my services to superintend the building of a water pipe line in the Soudan from Berber on the river Nile across the Nubian desert to Suakim on the Red Sea, distance about two hundred and fifty miles. This line was intended to furnish water for the English army. The negotiations had been carried on through John

H. Harris, of New York (an old friend), managing director of the Blake Steam Pump Works, who were furnishing pumps and other material for the line. The negotiations for my services had gone so far as to ask for my terms, which were accepted, with instructions for me to hold myself ready to start for London on notice. The order to go never came, because of the destruction of all the line material collected at Suakim, by the forces of the Mahdi, with whom the British government were at war at the time. The project was then abandoned.

The first of May, 1885, found me in Ohio, building, for the late George Rice, a pipe line from Macksburg to Lowell on the Muskingum river, distance about ten miles. Mr. Rice was at the time fighting the Standard Oil Company. There were many rather amusing incidents connected with the construction of the line that are hardly worth relating.

After completing the line and putting it in good running order, I went to Marietta, Ohio, settled up with the Rice company and returned home to Foxburg, arriving about August 15th. A short time after that I accepted a position in the buying department of the Joseph Seep Purchasing Agency, and on September 1, 1885, I went to the Edenburg (Knox) office, where I remained until February 1, 1892, when I was transferred to Fox-

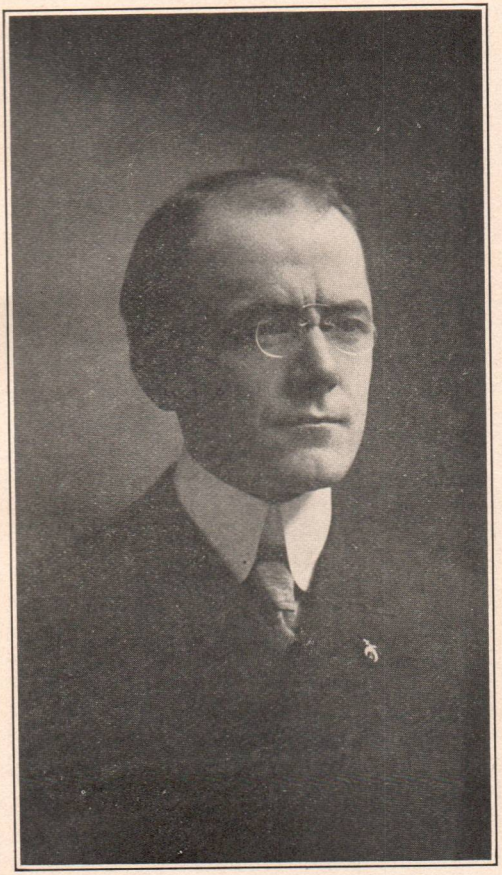
burg, where I have to the present time been in the employ of Mr. Seep, making a little over twenty years in the Seep Purchasing Agency. My son, R. M. Smiley,



JOSEPH SEEP.

who had been my assistant at the Edenburg office, succeeding me in charge of that office when I was transferred to Foxburg. He is still in charge of the office there.

I was one of the successful candidates



R. M SMILEY.

for the State Legislature in Clarion county in the fall of 1886; served in the session of 1887, was re-elected and served in the session of 1889; was again elected in 1894, serving in the session of 1895, being the first man ever elected to the office a third time from the county.

In 1902 I was the Democratic nominee for Congress in the Twenty-seventh district of Pennsylvania, composed of the counties of Clarion, Jefferson, Indiana and Armstrong. The district being largely Republican, of course, I was not elected. The vote for me in the district was 10,618, my opponent, Hon. W. O. Smith, receiving 16,028, a Republican majority of 5,410. The same counties in 1900 gave a Republican majority for Congress of 9,588, so I felt honored to reduce the Republican majority as much as I did, and this without any effort on my part.

In 1904 I was the Democratic presidential elector for the Twenty-seventh district of Pennsylvania, and received in the State, 335,209 votes.

A friend has suggested that I should say something of my political experiences. I do not think, however, that politics should be mixed in these few lines. My experience in that direction has been of more pleasure than profit. Therefore, I shall not go into detail regarding my political career.

I have in my possession and memory

material that would make a very interesting chapter, but for the present, at least, would prefer to not unfold the tale.

No man in Clarion county ever asked for a nomination at the hands of his party who met with stronger opposition than I did in my first two campaigns for the Assembly, many slanders were uttered and circulated concerning me, for which there was not the shadow of a foundation.

In all my campaigns great harm was done me by the circulation of stories to the effect that I was a henchman for the Standard Oil Company. I will say here that in all my political experience the Standard Oil Company or any of its officials never by word or act suggested that I should do different from what my own views led me to believe that I should do. After each campaign, however, my worst enemies acknowledged that no dirty politics could be traced to me, and while I had dealt hard blows, I had made the contest along honorable lines, and they felt nothing but respect for me.

In performing the duties assigned to me as a representative in the State Legislature, I can with a clear conscience say that I steadily pursued a course that to me seemed best for the interest of all the people of the State, regardless of politics.

Unfortunately there are men who get into official places who have never reached

any high grade of intellectuality or honesty. Such men are usually used and influenced by some talented individual. In this respect history is ever repeating itself. The words and actions of a few talented and seemingly earnest, but dishonest men can stir up the masses to blindly follow their lead, whether for good or evil.

It requires great talent and tact for a man to become a political boss on a scale large enough to mould a greaty party to his own views and ways, without producing discontent or revolt. He assumes to do the thinking for his party and guards this prerogative with jealous care, but sooner or later the revolt is sure to come, because a boss invariably gets tyrannical with power.

When the revolt comes in a highly civilized country like ours, it is not often by violent revolution, but generally by the quiet resolution of the common people, who are ever alert to seek information in regard to the official power that rules them.

While party discipline and party organization are as constraining as ever upon what are termed practical politicians, the class of men needed to give by their ability and honesty good laws and government are not necessarily sorted out and labeled with party badges.

The temper of thoughtful men is apt

to change when they see unmistakable corruption and dishonesty in high political places.

It is a deplorable fact that many men get into the halls of legislation as members who are entirely void of honesty, and whose only ambition is to be considered as standing in with the graft gang that a few tainted dollars may fall into their pockets because of their loyalty to the boss. This class of men are generally used as so many rubber stamps.

My humble judgment is, that unless the purchase and sale for money of men's votes and influence in high places cease, the time is not distant when the American Republic will have passed into history.

No one who is concerned for the future welfare of our common country, can regard with indifference the question of equal advantages, fair play and a square deal all around.

I may not live to see it, but I earnestly hope the time may come when money shall not be the measure of men or of all things and all values, but that the life, welfare and happiness of mankind shall be the chief object, when the common people shall have the right to enjoy whatever their hands and brains produce, with equal laws for all and punishment for all alike who transgress them.

Alas, why is there not some promoter to form a trust of honest politicians. No

doubt there could be found enough men who are naturally and thoroughly honest to organize—form a directorate and manage the concern, then Washington, D. C. Nearly every State capital, every important city, as well as county seats could be relied upon to furnish enough tail enders, back members, has beens, turned down grafters, fellows who also ran, ex-cashiers, ex-honorables, heelers, wire pullers and hat chalkers, to augment the movement to magnificent proportions by taking stock and an obligation to be good ever after.

Before the Standard Oil Company extended their pipe lines to the seaboard oil for the eastern markets was shipped by cars; Emlenton, Foxburg, mouth of the Clarion river, Parker, Bear creek, Sarah Furnace, and East Brady, on the Allegheny Valley railroad, and Dilks station on the West Penn railroad, were the principal delivery points for the Clarion, Butler and Armstrong county fields. Being superintendent of the Foxburg division of the Union Pipe Company brought me into business relations with the officials of the Allegheny Valley R. R.

I was well acquainted with J. J. Lawrence, David McCargo, Thomas M. King and Charles B. Price. Lawrence and McCargo are long since dead, King is retired and lives at his ease in New York

City, Price is now one of the county commissioners of Allegheny county.

I also knew quite well all the old conductors, engineers and trainmen, as square a lot of men as ever worked anywhere, and the kind that make any corporation successful. But few of them are still on duty, many are dead or retired, and many have drifted to other localities.

R. M. Sheats, who for many years ran a passenger train, and who left the Valley in 1881, going to the Baltimore & Ohio, is back at Foxburg as superintendent of the Northern division of the Baltimore & Ohio. Fred Turner, who came from the Oil Creek railroad to the Valley in 1873, and hauled a passenger train for thirty years, is still in the cab on the work train at Kittanning, not very large, but true as steel in every way you take him. John Casey, Joe Lowes, Morg Irwin, Ed Martin and Jim Lewis, all old-timers with a clear record behind them of over thirty years as passenger engineers, are still at the throttle between Pittsburg and Oil City. The Butterfield brothers, always accommodating and polite, are at Emlenton, where they have been since 1879.

CHAPTER XIV.

AMONG the oil circuit counties of Pennsylvania that have furnished towns to flash into prominence and then vanish, Venango county holds the record with Clarion and Butler both good seconds. Pithole, Cashup, Tip-Top, Balltown, Shamburg, Petroleum Centre, Pioneer, Summit City, Schaffer and Miller Farms in Venango all came to the front, now not a trace of their greatness is left. Clarion county produced Antwerp, Beaver City, Pickwick, Jefferson, Fern City, Slambang and Elk City, that are now only in memory. A few oil towns in Clarion went through the excitement and still remain good business points, St. Petersburg, Edenburg and Shippenville being the most prominent. As an oil town Edenburg easily holds first place in the county. During the latter seventies it was at the front with all the trimmings essential to the make-up of a live oil town, no town in the oil region of Pennsylvania has suffered more from disastrous fires, but phoenixlike it has each time arisen.

The decline of production on the old

third sand belt quieted the place down for a few years after 1800. The Cogley Run field nearby, opened up in 1885 and brought the town back to something like its former activity. From the natural surroundings it has kept the pace and is still important, situated in a rich farming country it has held its own and only mismanagement can prevent it from advancing. The population is 1,000, including many solid men, whose holdings are way up. There are indications that in the near future the good, enterprising people living there are going to wake up to their opportunities and make the town what it should be, the best in the county. Among the solid business institutions are B. A. Kribbs & Co., heirs of Wm. Baltzer, John Flynn, Easly & Co., Mrs. M. A. Gibson, W. H. Whitling, Thomas Kilgore, J. H. Sheffer, C. C. Kribbs, W. F. Delp, Sam Gibbs, D. W. Lewis, J. L. Shaner, Reiff Bros., G. S. Hamm, W. J. McDowell, Beatty Bros., J. A. Hanst, Austin Sisters. Miller Bros., Edenburg Flouring Mill and many others. Three fine churches, a first-class graded school, three good hotels and three livery stables. The old reliable Clarion County National Bank, G. M. Cushing now president, founded by the late E. G. Crawford, has the confidence of the entire community. Many well-to-do and prosperous producers have their homes here. The Seep Purchasing

Agency, in charge of R. M. Smiley, plays no small part in the welfare of the town, on account of this being the point to which producers from a large producing field come to sell their oil.

St. Petersburg was at the front in the early seventies. For a time four different pipe lines had their general offices there. The town supported a daily paper and a number of good hotels, now all gone but one hotel. The place at the present does not compare with what it once was, yet it is still a good business point.

Shippenville never assumed any airs as an oil town, but has jogged along in a quiet way with prospects of still growing.

Clarion, the county seat, jumped into the ring in 1888, when the big Monkey well was struck within the borough limits.

The inhabitants were led up to the belief that the place was a real oleaginous center. The little pool, however, was soon exhausted and the place soon back to its old-time motion. It cannot die, as all the legal grists of the county have to be taken there for toll.

Turkey City is still on the map, due to the energy of Jim Baynham, who manages to pump hot air enough into the place to keep it alive, notwithstanding its weak respiration and slow pulse beat.

When Jim moves the storm center at Turkey City also shifts.

McKean county got into the race by entering Duke Centre, Eldred, Bolivar, Kendall, Rixford, Jo-Jo and Kane. The latter will not die as long as Charley Goodwin lives there.

The flag was dropped on oil towns in Warren after Triumph, Cherry Grove and the shallow wells at Conewango flats had their day.

Butler county had her mushroom places in Modoc, Greece City, St. Joe and Argyle, now all back numbers; Bruin, Petrolia, Karns City and Millerstown still breathe in a faint way, and are only a dream of the past.

The first twenty years of the business, or down to about 1880, was the era in which towns would spring up in the vicinity of a rich strike in a new field. This, however, has all changed, due to the business getting into more regular and legitimate channels, whereby it is conducted from established centers.

In the mention of oil towns, with which I have been familiar, Parker City and Emlenton cannot be well overlooked.

Situated on the Allegheny river on a narrow strip of Armstrong county, between Clarion and Butler counties, is Parker City, prominent during the seventies. After the decline of Foxburg it became headquarters for the oil trade of

the whole lower field. Parker was never a borough. Lawrenceburg, on the hill above, had been incorporated in December, 1870. When the flats along the river became the center of business, the whole was incorporated into Parker City by an act of the Legislature dated March 1, 1873, and remaining so still.

The Oil Exchange at Parker became important and for a time controlled the crude oil market of the world. The place is yet a good business point, with a population of about 1,200, several good hotels, a national bank and an up-to-date substantial class of people.

Emlenton, in the extreme southern part of Venango county, near the Clarion county line, has kept moving forward and is now of more importance than ever before, lying in the center of a productive oil field and surrounded by a fine agricultural district, it has steadily grown to a population of 1,500. The town supports two national banks, several first-class hotels, two newspapers, and has become an important business center.

Emlenton has furnished many men who have taken a front place in oil history as well as in financial affairs of the community. Among the dead may be mentioned: Dr. A. W. Crawford, Joseph Weller, Eben Crawford, Dr. B. F. Hamilton, John C. Porterfield, John McCombs, D. D. Moriarity and John Mitch-

PARKER OIL EXCHANGE, 1874.

ell. Among the living and prominent are: James Bennett, T. B. Gregory, P. J. Bayer, H. J. Crawford, C. E. Crawford, W. C. McKee, J. G. Lamberton, B. F. Jamison, Frank Weller, George Kiel, John Weller, Grant & Jamison, Hamilton Bros., F. Krear, B. F. Keefer, the Barnard Co., J. J. Gosser, H. R. Gilmore, E. E. Sloan, Greif & Mault, H. B. Mitchell and many others who help to make the town prosperous. One division of the National Transit Company has its headquarters there, in charge of the old veteran, M. J. Newton, ably assisted by the irresistible H. P. Clark. As a go-ahead town, Emlenton can rank up with any of its size.

The present populous cities of Bradford, Warren, Titusville, Oil City, Franklin and Butler need no mention here.

CHAPTER XV.

MY old friends and neighbors would not think me fair to stop without at least a few words about the town where, with them, I have lived so long.

When the developments extended down the Allegheny river, Clarion county was the first to attract attention, and Foxburg was the point to and from which the business centered. It was for a time the liveliest town in the lower field. All business for St. Petersburg, Antwerp, Turkey City, Dogtown, Pickwick, Triangle, Jefferson City and Slambang had their outlet at Foxburg. The town put on a boom mantle, but for divers reasons laid the garment aside a few years later.

There were several good hotels, the principal one being the Fox House, long since destroyed by fire, kept by that prince of landlords, Col. W. S. Gregory. People of world fame were guests at the Fox House. Dom Pedro, Emperor of Brazil, once took dinner there, and witnessed the shooting of a well nearby. The well was christened "The Dom Pedro," and is now, thirty years later, still pumping oil. Presi-

dent Rutherford B. Hayes was once a guest at the Fox House. John L. Sullivan also gave the town the honor of his presence. Scores of congressmen, generals, colonels and captains, as well as thousands of common people and small fry came and went. The town was full of big-hearted, jolly oil men; brokers dealers, shippers, producers, pipe-liners and all that class of oildom folk that help to keep an oil town spry, congregated at Foxburg in the early seventies. The headquarter offices of the Union Pipe Company, then the principal line in the field, were there, as well as the offices of many prominent dealers, including such giants in the business as Daniel O'Day and Joseph Seep.

On account of the place being a railroad center it ought to have been kept the best town in the lower fields. When the first rush was over and business began to settle down for a future, Parker on the south and Emlenton on the north drew largely from the town, due to a condition of things which seemed uncontrolable. The town is now but a shadow of the past, but not by any means dead, as it still contains as enterprising and up-to-date class of people as lives anywhere, whose hospitality is ever open, and whose refinement is of the kind that never buys back seats at a show, but insists upon riding the red band wagon.

Several solid business institutions still remain, among which may be mentioned: Foxburg Bank, which has the reputation for solidity and reliability throughout the whole surrounding country. M. R. Morgan is still behind the counter, and has grown gray in the service. He is ably assisted by H. R. Harvey, Esq. Among other business places still holding forth are: H. H. Porterfield, the old reliable at the old stand; the Keystone Supply Company, Charles Johnson, W. F. Hankins, John Hager, Mrs. Clancy, F. B. Dale, A. C. Koos, E. C. Beecher, Miss May Cochran, and many other smaller dealers, who keep the town in shape for a customer to purchase anything from a lathe nail to a bull wheel, from a spool of thread to a sealskin sack, from a carpet tack to a giant pumping power, from a nickel 'kerchief to a dress suit.

The spiritual welfare of the town is managed by four churches—the Episcopal, Methodist, Lutheran and Roman Catholic, all large congregations.

A free library and reading room under the management of Miss Mary A. True, is open to all.

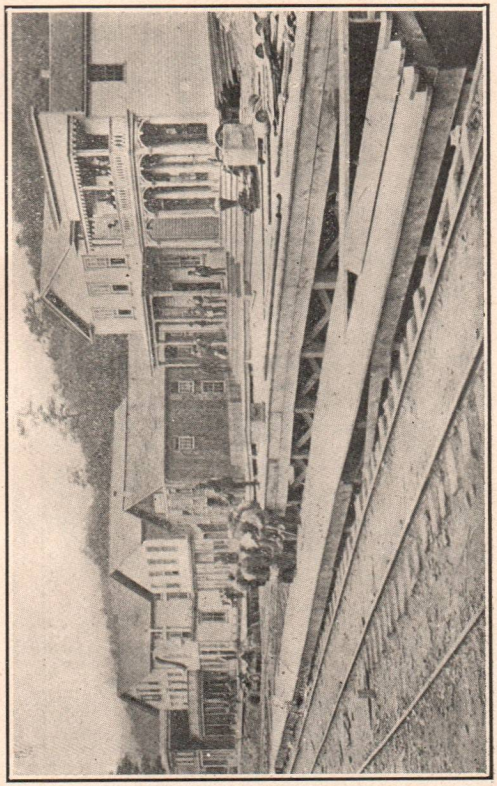
A fine graded school and gymnasium keep the young ideas going right, a dandy little opera house, and not a lockup in the town.

The Golf club was the second one or-

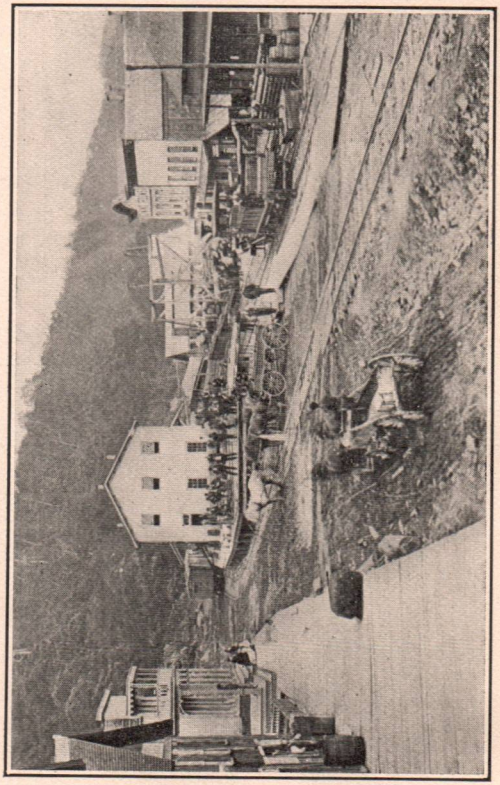
ganized in the State. Their club house and grounds are first-class, and the club has a wide reputation.

F. L. Harvey, Esq., looks after the interests of the Fox estate. Charles M. Hart and Ben Matteson keep the Keystone company in line. "The Inn," first-class in all its appointments, under the management of A. C. Harding, keeps that part of the business to the front. Dr. H. S. Smith looks after the sick and unfortunate. R. M. Sheats keeps everything moving O.K. on the B. & O. railroad. W. S. McGeary takes careful care of the interests of the Pennsylvania railroad. Frank Stone will see that you are able to talk to any part of the country, either long or short distance. Pete Toy will skate you over the roads quickly and safely in any direction in first-class style, or in any old way you may desire. Frank Dale keeps the water works in up-to-date condition. The town supports a fire hose company that can put out a fire in double quick. Wm. Nesbitt does the tonsorial act in the same artistic manner he did thirty years ago.

The Baltimore & Ohio railroad shops, under the supervision of W. J. Davis, employs scores of men; all of them good, honest, hard-working citizens. Many prosperous oil producers and operators live in the town. And last but not least,



FOXBURG IN 1872.



FOXBURG IN 1872.

the branch oil buying office of the Seep Purchasing Agency keeps money in circulation, the producers good-natured and happy, and adds tone to the surroundings.

CHAPTER XVI.

ANYTHING written or talked on the subject of oil with the Standard Oil Company not mentioned, would be like the play of Hamlet without the ghost. We do not think, however, that in connection with a few personal reminiscences, not intended as a history of the oil business, would be the proper place to take up that subject.

There has been a great deal of foolish talk about the Standard Oil Company, as there always is and no doubt will continue to be about any great corporation. When the present generation shall have passed away the subject will be viewed in the cold light of dispassionate history. The generations to follow, if at all studious, will, as they journey down through the years to come, look back upon the Standard Oil Company as the greatest commercial achievement of its period.

Within the last few years the writer has made an earnest effort to locate any of the officials or working force connected with the first pipe line ever successfully operated. The result being that I am unable to find a single one living but my-

self. Therefore, with due modesty, I believe I am in point of first data the oldest pipe-liner now living.

Up to January 1, 1907, I had put in thirty-nine years and three months actual service in the business. This, of course, to include the time I have been in the crude oil buying department.

Looking back over the past I realize that, notwithstanding the opportunities I have had, I have not in a financial sense been a success. At different times I have been fortunate enough to accumulate considerable, but never had the faculty of keeping it. I take pleasure in knowing that I have been instrumental in helping others to success. Nearly my whole life and what little talent I possessed has been spent in that direction.

Conscious of the fact that I have never intentionally wronged anyone, I have no regrets. I have always tried to keep on the sunny side of life; whether or not I have succeeded in this, I leave to the judgment of those who have known me best.

Among the orders to which I belong are the Masons, the Odd Fellows, the Maccabees, the Sons of Rest, and the Ancient Order of Egyptian Monks.

During my long residence at Foxburg I have held many positions having no connection with the oil business. I have umpired a match game of base ball, been

judge of a foot race, referee of a boat race, foreman of a hose company, president of a fire company, led the grand march at a dress ball, toastmaster at a swell banquet, end man in a minstrel show, school director, Justice of the Peace, grand master of Odd Fellows for Clarion county, chairman of the Democratic committee of my district many times, delegate to county conventions very often, chairman of Democratic county conventions many times, director of three different railroads, vice president of a railroad company, delegate to Democratic State convention several times, member of the State Legislature three terms, candidate for Congress in 1902 and got licked, presidential elector in 1904, president of a telephone company, deputy fish warden, grand marshal at a Fourth of July celebration, deputy coroner for Clarion county, standing authority on expert fishing. And recently I have been raised to the proud position of grandfather of the two finest boys on earth.

And here they are.

A. W. Smiley the 2d. Thomas.

Oil and Gas Counties	When Formed		Square Miles
Westmoreland from Bedford	Feb. 26	1773	1040
Washington from Westmoreland	Mar. 28	1781	890
Fayette from Westmoreland	Sept. 26	1783	830
Allegheny from Washington and Westmoreland	Sept. 24	1788	760
Greene from Washington	Feb. 9	1796	620
Beaver from Allegheny and Washington	Mar. 12	1800	450
Erie from Allegheny and Washington	Mar. 12	1800	770
Warren from Allegheny and Lycoming	Mar. 12	1800	910
Armstrong from Allegheny and Washington	Mar. 12	1800	610
Crawford from Washington	Mar. 12	1800	1000
Butler from Washington	Mar. 12	1800	820
Mercer from Washington	Mar. 12	1800	660
Venango from Allegheny and Lycoming	Mar. 13	1800	660
Indiana from Westmoreland and Lycoming	Mar. 30	1803	830
McKean from Westmoreland and Lycoming	Mar. 20	1804	1000
Potter from Lycoming	Mar. 26	1804	1070
Clarion from Venango and Armstrong	Mar. 11	1830	570
Jefferson from Lycoming	Mar. 26	1840	640
Elk from Jefferson, Clearfield and McKean	Apr. 18	1843	770
Forest from Jefferson and Venango	Apr. 10	1848	430
Lawrence from Beaver and McKean	Mar. 20	1849	370

OLD TIME OIL TOWNS.

BOROUGH OF BUTLER, PA.

Incorporated February 26, 1817.
First Burgess—Wm. Ayers.
First Councilmen—Thomas Campbell, John Potter, George Miller, Hugh McKee, David Dougle, David Stephenson.
First Newspaper—Butler Palladium.
Date of Issue—August 17, 1819.
Editor—John Galbraith.

BOROUGH OF FRANKLIN, PA.

Incorporated April 4, 1828.
First Burgess—John Bradfoot.
First Councilmen—John Singleton, J. R. Sage, Alex. McCalmont, John Galbraith, Myron Park, William Bennett.
First Newspaper—The Venango Herald.
Date of Issue—September, 1820.
Editor—John Evans.

BOROUGH OF WARREN, PA.

Incorporated April 3, 1832.
First Burgess—John Andrews.
First Councilmen—Joseph Hackney, Lansing Wetmore, Zachariah Eddy, James Stewart, Albinus Stebbins, Thomas Struthers.
First Newspaper—Conewango Emigrant.
Date of Issue—July 24, 1824.
Editor—Richard Hill.

BOROUGH OF CLARION, PA.

Incorporated April 6, 1841.
First Burgess—James Sloan.
First Councilmen—Edward Derby, Hugh A. Thompson, A. Richards, Wilson Packer, Alex. Jamison, Joseph Shoemaker.
First Newspaper—The Clarion Republican.
Date of Issue—May, 1840.
Editor—Wm. T. Alexander.

BOROUGH OF TITUSVILLE, PA.

Incorporated March 6, 1847.
First Burgess—Joseph L. Chase.

First Councilmen—S. S. Bates, Wm. Barnsdall, James R. Kerr, C. G. Pettit, Robert L. Robinson, E. H. Chase.
First Newspaper—Titusville Gazette.
Date of Issue—1859.
Editor—Jas. B. Burchfield.

BOROUGH OF PLEASANTVILLE, PA.

Incorporated March 22, 1850.
First Burgess—Aaron Benidict.
First Councilmen—Wm. Porter, John Benidict, E. W. Dodge, Elias Beebe, Wm. Dawson, M. C. Beebe.
First Newspaper—The Petroleum Gas Light.
Date of Issue—June 1, 1869.
Editor—O. H. Jackson.

BOROUGH OF MILLERSTOWN, PA.

Incorporated—1855.
First Burgess—Jacob B. Byers.
First Councilmen—Solomon Fleiger, H. L. Westerman, John Frederick, H. Sanderson, C. Gumper, Andrew Barnhart.
First Newspaper—The Millerstown Sandpump.
Date of Issue—1873.
Editor—A. H. Jamison.

BOROUGH OF TIONESTA, PA.

Incorporated February 2, 1856.
First Burgess—Jacob Schriver.
First Councilmen—Joseph G. Dale, Hamilton Stowe, Warren Bailey, James A. Bowman, Benjamin Way.
First Newspaper—The Forest Press.
Date of Issue—February 5, 1867.
Editor—Peter O. Conver.

BOROUGH OF EMLENTON, PA.

Incorporated—January 27, 1859.
First Burgess—Henry Allebach.
First Councilmen—Joseph Weller, R. Colbert, A. B. Crawford, Elias Widle, Ebenezer Crawford.
First Newspaper—The Allegheny Valley Echo.
Date of Issue—October, 1858.
Editor—Peter O. Conver.

BOROUGH OF OIL CITY, PA.

Incorporated—January, 1862.
First Burgess—Wm. Hasson.
First Councilmen—Chas. Haines, T. B. Hoover, Chas. Robinson, H. L. McCance, T. H. Williams.
First Newspaper—The Oil City Register.
Date of Issue—January 12, 1862.
Editor—Walter R. Johns.

BOROUGH OF TIDIOUTE, PA.

Incorporated—1862.
First Burgess—Luther Green.
First Councilmen—Samuel Culbertson, W. L. Cahill, Thomas Goodwin, R. Christy, J. Hunter.
First Newspaper—The Evening Journal.
Date of Issue—November, 1864.
Editor—E. A. Stevens.

BOROUGH OF PITHOLE CITY, PA.

Incorporated—November, 1865.
First Burgess—Alex P. Keenen.
First Councilmen—Leonard Church, Lee M. Morton, J. T. Chalfant, E. P. Confer, David Gardner.
First Newspaper—The Pithole Record.
Date of Issue—September 25, 1865.
Editors—Morton & Spare.

BOROUGH OF LAURENCEBURG, PA.

Incorporated—December, 1870.
First Burgess—J. W. McFarland.
First Councilmen—E. H. Bailey, E. R. Marshall, Wm. M. Reiber, E. H. Randolph, Geo. Cooper, W. H. Bradley.
First Newspaper—
The Northwestern Independent.
Date of Issue—November 2, 1869.
Editor—Clark Wilson.

BOROUGH OF ST. PETERSBURG, PA.

Incorporated—February 23, 1872.
First Burgess—Barney Vensel.

First Councilmen—Nelson Vensel, G. C. Fink, Joel Fink, C. H. Wilton, Daniel Whitling, D. S. Herron.
First Newspaper—The Crude Local.
Date of Issue—June, 1872.
Editor—F. H. Tozer.

BOROUGH OF PETROLIA, PA.

Incorporated—January 13, 1873.
First Burgess—G. H. Dimick.
First Councilmen—D. C. Backus, F. A. Wilson, John P. Hatch, J. H. Lewis, Chas. Rarer, D. C. Mowrey.
First Newspaper—The Petrolia Advertiser.
Date of Issue—1873.
Editors—Mapes and Leach.

BOROUGH OF KARNS CITY, PA.

Incorporated—January 4, 1875.
First Burgess—L. D. Akins.
First Councilmen—H. Rodgers, J. C. Shay, I. S. Kane, S. H. Pettigrew, J. E. Criswell, A. J. Elliott.
First Newspaper—The Karns City Telephone.
Date of Issue—1874.
Editor—Dr. Boreland.

BOROUGH OF EDENBURG, PA.

Incorporated—November, 1876.
First Burgess—P. F. Kribbs.
First Councilmen—J. I. Best, E. W. Crabbe, E. W. Northrop, Robert Bryan, J. B. Painter, S. D. Wynkoop.
First Newspaper—The Edenburg Herald.
Date of Issue—December 12, 1876.
Editor—J. M. Gifford.

BOROUGH OF ROUSEVILLE, PA.

Incorporated—September 7, 1898.
First Burgess—William Orr.
First Councilmen—Wm. S. Welker, D. J. Cavanaugh, Wm. C. Tyler, Wm. Baker, P. M. Nelson, Thomas Johnston, A. B. Straub.
First Newspaper—The Bulletin.
Date of Issue— ———.
Editor—O. H. Jackson.

BOROUGH OF CLINTONVILLE, PA.
Incorporated—January, 1878.
First Burgess—John H. Kelley.
First Councilmen—W. C. Cross, T. J. Robinson, J. C. Nutt, A. D. Crone, J. B. McMillan, E. S. Heath.

BOROUGH OF SHIPPENVILLE, PA.
Incorporated—1890.
First Burgess—D. P. Walker.
First Councilmen—John Irving, John Ehler, Peter Winters, G. B. Kiser, D. K. Jarvis, John A. Hach.

BOROUGH OF BRUIN, PA.
Incorporated—1901.
First Burgess—J. W. Orr.
First Councilmen—L. C. Miller, P. G. Russell, John H. Gibson, H. G. Steele, W. H. Edmonds, James H. Orr, F. L. Ritner.

Notes on Well-known Oil Men.

JOHN D. ROCKEFELLER—now leads the procession.

GEORGE H. BISSELL—was the first to suggest a hole in the rock for oil.

FRANCIS B. BREWER—deserves a front place in the history of Oil creek.

COL. E. L. Drake—was superintendent of the company that drilled the first well.

R. D. FLETCHER—staked Col. Drake when in financial distress.

JONATHAN WATSON—was one of the grandparents of the business.

J. D. ANGIER—gathered oil from ditches long before the Drake well was drilled.

HENRY H. ROGERS—was once a refiner on Oil creek.

JOHN D. ARCHBOLD—has a seat in the front row.

PHILLIPS BROS.—were always at the front

FISHER BROS.———— ditto ————

SAMUEL VANSYCKEL—built the first successfully operated pipe line.

DENSMORE BROS.—were the first to ship crude oil in tanks on cars.

JOHN W. STEELE (Coal Oil Johnny)—has been notoriously lied about.

JOHN BENNINGHOFF—had more money than common sense.

WM. H. ABBOTT—marched up the hill, then down again.

JAMES McCRAY—was wealthy and eccentric.

S. C. T. DODD—was selected to revise Blackstone.

WALTER R. JOHNS—a hero of two wars is still on deck.

Z. MARTIN—headed the subscription to relieve Col. Drake.

D. H. CADY—was in the richest swim about Titusville.

REV. A. S. DOBBS—was pond fresh agent on Oil creek.

DAN'L O'DAY—untangled the freight blockade on the Oil Creek R. R.

CAPT. J. J. VANDERGRIFT—was one of the pioneers.

CHAS. LOCKHART—left a vast fortune—"Oil was the foundation."

C. M. BLY—never told anyone to keep off the grass.

WM. HALDERMAN—threatened to make a corpse of a man who stole oil.

JOSEPH SEEP—uses an adding machine to total up his friends.

T. H. SUMNER—was one of the rich, jolly boys at Tarr farm and Pithole.

CHARLEY CANNELL—always took pleasure in talking of old times.

C. N. PAYNE—fought his way from the ranks.

S. S. FERTIG—drilled the Noble well, and hustled to financial success.

L. H. SMITH—was on the toboggan going both ways.

JOHN OWENS—ran the passenger train on the Pithole & Oleopolis R. R.

ORANGE NOBLE—bagged a big wad out of the Noble well.

HENRY HARLEY was nearıy at the top, and a high roller.

JOSEPH BUSHNELL—bought enough oil to float a ship.

TOM FROTHINGHAM—would pay a bill when it had the required age.

CHAS. JOHNSON (Foxburg)—bossed the railroad grading near the National wells.

SAM WOODS—played any game for all there was in it.

J. C. McKINNEY—has gone some fast heats.

F. E. HAMMOND—made the first tank table scaled up by inches.

GEO. K. ANDERSON—was on the high wave, but was caught by the under-tow.

COL. E. H. BRADY—Could shiver an audience with his eloquence.

DR. G. SHAMBURG—brought the town of Cashup into the lime light.

A. H. BRONSON—dubbed the town that he owned "Tip Top."

HENRY A. SPEER—got all the tools out of a well at Shamburg, but three sets.

JOHN B. MAITLAND—left an example worthy of emulation by young men.

HON. JOHN M. DICKEY—never drove any man to the dead line.

REV. D. S. STEADMAN (Pithole)—could make a sinner look like thirty cents.

JOHN R. DRUM—bought oil for Abbott and Harley at Shamburg.

HON. JOHN FERTIG—ran for Lieut.-Gov., the other fellow got to the wire first.

W. H. ANDREWS—cut a wide swath as a merchant before getting into politics.

M. E. VAN SYCKEL—was superintendent of the Pithole & Miller Farm Pipe Company.

CHAS. P. HATCH—was father of the general average system.

E. STRONG—never employed a gang of shouters.

EDWARD HOPKINS—was agent for the Titusville Pipe Co. at Pleasantville.

GEORGE LEWIS—never let a cry of distress go unheeded.

EMMET FLEMING—was in charge of the Pithole & Miller farm pipe line accounts.

H. H. HERPST—was sheriff of Venango county in the early excitement.

C. M. LOOMIS—did not judge a man by his dress.

E. W. SMILEY—was a polished gentleman as well as politician.

J. WILKES BOOTH—was a familiar figure on the streets of Franklin in the summer of 1864.

CHAS. JOHNSON (of Chicora)—decorated Ben Hogan with a pair of black eyes at Pithole.

CAPT. J. T. CHALFANT—flourished like a bay tree at Pithole, Parker and St. Petersburg.

CAPT. E. O. ADAMS—commanded a gunboat at Mobile Bay under Farragut.

W. H. ROTH (Bill)—dates from "way back," and yet he is not a back number.

THOMAS B. SIMPSON—once foraged on the commissary of a friend near Foxburg.

W. W. THOMPSON—looped the loop at Snamburg and McCray Hill.

DR. M. C. EGBERT—had more money than some people had hay.

FRANK W. ANDREWS—was in every field until his unfortunate death.

GEO. W. DELAMATER—ran for Governor and went down to defeat.

HENRY R. ROUSE—was burned to death at Rouseville; good roads in Warren county show his generosity.

ROBT. ORR—was all through the mix, and died at Knox, in December, 1905.

HENRY LEWIS—never lost a friend after making one.

J. W. LEE—every inch a gentleman and a manly antagonist.

C. F. HARTWELL—once dreamed of a big bridge, then woke up.

O. E. GLEASON—was one of the first to punch tickets on the Oil Creek Railroad.

JESSE SMITH—rounded up a goodly competence for his old age.

WM. L. FOX—died young, but left a reputation without a blemish.

CHAS. H. LAY—is of the kind you are always glad to meet.

GID MORGAN—as a story teller always had the gang skinned forty ways.

BARNEY VENSEL, DAN'L BOSTAPH and ISAAC NEELY—went bail for the Standard Oil Co. in Clarion county.

M. F. ELLIOTT—trains with the men who don't get rattled.

Ex-GOV. JAMES SHEAKLEY—was president of the forty thieves at Pithole.

JACK McCRAY—once pulled off a rich joke on a Titusville druggist.

HENRY W. MABB—was a dandy hotel man in many oil towns.

HENRY POTTER—took no man's dust in the early days.

C. C. DUFFIELD—signs checks for the P. & R. O. Co. at Pittsburg.

WM. B. SNOW—was a mechanical genius, his death was lamented.

WM. T. SCHEIDE—a fine gentleman, retired, and lives at Titusville.

J. R. CAMPBELL—never knew what it was to have an enemy.

HON. JOHN L. McKINNEY—was a farmer boy from Warren county.

D. C. HART (of Foxburg)—had a barrel of money at Pithole.

W. H. H. FITHIAN—stood with the writer on top of the capitol dome at Washington.

C. H. LAVENS—got so much money he had to start a bank to keep it in.

H. M. WILSON—died respected by all who knew him.

DAVID EMERY—owned the Drake well thirty years after it was drilled.

CAPT. J. T. JONES—frolicked with the pipe line business in Clarion county.

DR. A. W. CRAWFORD—introduced refined oil in foreign lands in 1861.

COL. J. J. CARTER—never slugged a man when down.

JOHN McKEOWN—stamped all orders for goods "C. O. D."

GEORGE KOCH—invented the club bit that retired the reamer.

SAM CRAIG—never boasted of his penmanship, but gets there just the same.

WADE HAMPTON—can straighten out an account blindfolded.

CON O'DONNELL—told a minister he would not get to heaven loafing around Antwerp.

JAMES H. SNOW—had no superior as a field pipe-liner.

M. MANDEVILLE—operated a benzine pipe line from Miller Farm to Shamburg.

ROBT. L. BROWN—told the boys not to be monkeys, but get some production.

B. B. CAMPBELL—led the producers in their fight against Pennsylvania R. R. Co.

HENRY McSWEENEY—can analyze a legal point without a prompter.

HON. M. L. LOCKWOOD—never would throw up the sponge.

SAM BLAKELY—gave the Parker brokers the Kibosh.

W. H. H. PIPER—took life as it came and did not worry.

JOHN GALLOWAY—made a record as a pedestrian.

COL. J. M. GUFFEY—was clerk to the first borough council of Pithole.

GEORGE THOMPSON—cashed checks for Smiley's greasy teamsters at a side window of the bank.

S. G. BAYNE—danced the Highland fling in a claw hammer coat at Foxburg

DICK LONGWELL—served Uncle Sam in war and in peace, and is still at it.

S. S. HILL—was postmaster at Pithole during the excitement.

COL. E. A. L. ROBERTS—simply said, "Let 'er go, Gallagher."

COL. GARDNER—was chief police at Pithole, and a terror to evildoers.

JOHN J. McLAURIN—was always on the move gathering news.

P. C. BOYLE—hauled a load of witnesses to a prize fight after engaging to cart oil for the writer.

ROGER SHERMAN—was one of the presidents of the Swordsman Club.

GEN. JOHN A. WILEY—was special officer at Pithole and learned the gang to march.

COL. M. R. VERNON—made a record both in war and oil.

A. E. RUSSELL—was assistant postmaster at Pithole.

CHARLEY GOODWIN—struck a good one and then owned the world.

A. SMEDLEY—carried under his hat a map of every pump station.

FIN H. FRISBEE—occasionally loomed up in the whirl.

E. W. FLANDERS—insisted on having a jack pot opened with prayer.

W. C. PLUMMER—has been on all sides of the political fence.

C. W. PRATT—was a hustler from the beginning.

NED PITCHER—was about the whole thing at the National wells.

GEORGE E. COUTANT—was from Sing Sing, "that is the town of."

COL. ELSWORTH—would sell an interest in any well in sight.

JOHN S. KLEIN—revolutionized the manufacture of oil pumps.

HENRY BOWER—did a heel and toe stunt from Pithole to Pleasantville.

J. T. BRIGGS—once remarked that the good had not all died young.

W. V. MILLER—requires all of his men to sit up and take notice.

F. W. AMES—was president of the Petroleum Bank, of Titusville.

T. N. BARNSDALL—wired from Harrisburg: "We have taken second money."

J. J. McCRUM—has never sulked in his political tent.

ISHAM BROS.—sold diamonds in car lots at Titusville and Pithole.

DR. A. NEWCOMB—told a sick farmer at Pithole that he had lost his cud—and charged him five dollars.

JOHN SATTERFIELD—started in the grocery business at Pithole.

BEN HOGAN—put Jack Holliday out on the Ball farm.

MARCUS HULINGS—was one of the "Pathfinders."

H. L. TAYLOR—manufactured buckboards at Fredonia, N. Y.

CAPT. WM. HASSON—straight as a string any way you take him.

JOHN H. GAILEY—has boxed the oil compass from the Drake well to Texas.

GEORGE H. NESBITT—used to sing "Push along, keep moving."

H. H. CUMINGS—brought the Valley road to time at East Brady.

W. W. SPLANE—could locate a telegraph line with no map but a dream.

HENRY WETTER—was once the largest producer in Clarion county.

JOHN H. LEE—never kicked when he got a duster.

C. H. DUNCAN—has appeared in every scene of the play.

M. E. HESS—was one of Nature's noblemen.

F. G. BOYER—can diagnose a pole from the foot hole to the top cross arm.

BEN TUPPER—remarked that some time the country would be settled.

W. C. HENRY—could absorb a gas well and not suffocate.

CAPT. WOLFE—also toyed with Fortune at Pithole.

MARION HENSHAW—lives at Butler and doesn't scare at the cars.

J. C. RUSSELL—learned pipe-lining on Church run.

J. P. THOMAS—was several times Mayor of Titusville.

URQUHART BROS.—held some good hands at Cogley run.

E. A. WEART—captured some brass goods from Jarecki, and sold them.

HON. L. EMERY, JR.—either in politics or oil, always fights to a finish.

S. D. KARNS—built the Parker & Karns City R. R., and then folded his tent.

O. P. SWISHER—you could bet on him every time, and never get left.

JOHN A. MATHER—has photographs of the whole bunch.

P. M. SHANNON—never lagged behind after getting the word "go."

C. D. ANGELL—always carried a compass.

MAJOR W. T. BAUM—had wells at Scrubgrass that were no scrubs.

DAVID KIRK—rose up in meeting and exclaimed: "Where are we at?"

FARMER DEAN—always got busy in a new field.

AL. KARNS—on a wager, jumped off the Parker bridge.

B. C. SIMPSON—is a top-notcher on a fish story.

N. F. TROSH—can run all the big pumps on a telegraph blank.

E. G. WRIGHT—got in some fine work at a Slippery Rock picnic.

H. Z. WING—never entered in a slow race.

A. C. BEESON—has worked out many pipe line problems.

R. STONE—has climbed every telegraph pole between Pittsburg and Oil City.

C. H. WILTON—dispenses justice in a Forest county town.

CAPT. PETER GRACE—played the lead horn at Cherry Grove.

E. O. EMERSON—secured a good slice of the melon when cut.

RICHARD JENNINGS—was one of the patriarchs.

F. PRENTICE—once rowed a boat race with L. H. Smith at Parker.

J. H. CALDWELL—has been on the firing line since the first gun was fired.

T. M. BLACKWELL—tells the field buyers where to head in at.

M. J. KIRSCHNER—can locate a well without a witch hazel stick.

T. J. SMILEY—a fine accountant, died while in the auditing department of the S. O. Co.

GEORGE BLACKWELL—had the sympathy and respect of all who knew him.

C. W. McCLINTOCK—has made some oil history.

JIM COLLINS—ran a varnished train on the Valley road for thirty-five years.

J. W. BAYNHAM—owns an entire town in Clarion county.

W. H. STEVENS—told a passenger he could pay and not ride, but he could not ride and not pay.

PARD B. SMITH—was the first president of the Swordsman's Club.

E. G. PATTERSON—remarked that: "To be or not to be" was the question.

M. MURPHY—always sleeps with his oil ear to the ground.

GENERAL HULINGS—suggested to a hotel man, to either run the house or rent it.

COL. W. S. GREGORY—never let a friend go away hungry or dry.

C. M. HOLBROOK—has been known to purchase material before breakfast.

R. R. ARMOUR—has been in the push from the beginning.

JOSEPH M. FOX—owns an entire town and then some.

J. W. ROWLAND—once denied that the writer was a minister.

M. J. NEWTON—commanded a battery of Swamp Angels at the Siege of Charlestown.

J. V. RITTS—one of the successful bankers of the oil country.

R. HUYCK—can hike out a little when necessary.

F. D. WILLIAMS—held a post-mortem on a pump at Shippenville in 1877.

T. B. GREGORY—got to the front by hard work and good sense.

W. C. McKEE—doesn't look the other way if you are not dressed up.

J. G. LAMBERTON—fills the full measure of a man from the pavement up.

S. H. MORROW—once said that he had just fell out of a hearse; he still lives at Parker.

F. O. WILSON—not a specimen of physical manhood, but he don't get rattled.

PETE HACKETT—thinks his Jim is the only kid that ever happened.

BEN FORKER—wanted to bury a dead actress at "Slam Bang."

W. H. EDWARDS—was the first jar maker in Clarion county.

F. H. LANGWORTHY—never spread over much ground, but anything he does is correct.

C. R. WATTSON—was once found in the right place at a picnic.

WM. LEMMON—did his first pipe-lining for the writer at Foxburg.

H. P. CLARK—will never be planted with the unknown, not if he knows it.

MAJ. MORGAN—can figure interest with his hands tied behind him.

ALEX. WILSON—stopped a newspaper once because the darned editor wanted him to pay for it.

F. L. HARVEY—mixes law, Town Topics, business and politics with oil.

HENRY TURK—can get there on the wire, if given time. There are others.

LYSLE AUSTIN—slung lightning at Edenburg in the long ago.

C. E. BAER—once attended a dress ball at Foxburg. "He knows the rest."

JOE SKELLY—had a little private business with a friend from Foxburg.

GEORGE TULLOCK—has worn out a wagon load of gauge poles.

MIKE KEEFE—stands in line with the old pipe-liners.

MATT HAFFLE—clips coupons, draws his pension, and plays with his grandchildren.

SCOTT FERGUSON—has been in the harness for thirty-five years.

P. J. BAYER—is a refined gentleman and still refining.

CLAUDE RITCHEY—keeps Emlenton on the base ball map.

FRANK WELLER—has never been envied for the beauty of his hair.

JIM TONKS—was presented with a comb and brush and bottle of hair oil.

H. H. PORTERFIELD—is still at the old stand.

FRANK DALE—was superintendent of a producing company in Clarion county, of which John D. Rockefeller was a partner.

ADAM MILLER—butted into the pipe line business at Shamburg.

G. M. CUSHING—never hurt the feelings of a child, not even one of his own.

R. M. SHEATS—is broad-gauge—all but his railroad.

J. M. PANTON—never allows the other fellow to talk, when discussing politics.

G. S. HAMM—never forgets to be a gentleman.

JOHN F. BAKER—is still active in his old age.

IRA P. ALLEN—was in the game on Oil creek and at Foxburg.

W. S. McGEARY—fits the place just like paper on the wall.

DAN KEENY—was a grand man from Grand Rapids.

J. R. GOLDSBORO—was a particular friend of the writer.

W. G. McLAUGHLIN—met a sad death which was mourned by many friends.

H. N. (Bones) ARNOLD—never went dry, only in wit.

WM. BLYMILLER—long in stature as well as good fellowship.

CHARLEY TOPLIF'S motto was: "As we journey through life let us live by the way."

W. F. COLLNER—once pursued a Jew with hostile intent.

BOB BURDETTE—filled an engagement at Foxburg, and then got filled.

TOM LOCKWOOD—was superintendent of the Allegheny Transportation Co. at Shamburg.

AL BUTLER—was in a casket case, but did not get in the casket.

W. A. HINDMAN—ran for judge; "so did the other fellow."

JNO. S. SHIRLEY and the wrter did a platform stunt at West Millville.

REV. ANGEL said he knew a man who came to his death by hanging "round a barroom."

E. C. BEECHER, P. M., usually gets the mail to the train (on a dead run).

W. F. HANKINS told a tramp that he better mind his "hye."

E. M. GRANT—after many reverses, pushed his way to the front.

BILL HOFFMAN (Big Bill)—well, I don't dare say it. He might pinch me.

A. T. SKINNER flirted with an old maid—at Shamburg.

JIM McKEE and a party of friends visited Foxburg. They know what happened.

AUGUST SCHMUCK procured the first charter for the use of natural gas.

FRANK TOZER was not as high standing as he was lying down.

FRED WARNER made a good success raising blue herons and ground hogs.

H. L. CHURCH has been "chairman" at many gatherings of old friends.

HARRY CHEENY remarked: "Keep your eye on the grand old flag."

TOM RICHARDS says the bee that gets the honey don't loaf around the hive.

D. O. WHITE—as a man is just what his name calls for.

JOHN IRVIN—tossed baggage and express on the A. & G. W. R. R. forty years ago.

I. M. SHANNON—runs several banks; also several fast horses.

FRED VOWINCKEL—never learned the art of being mean.

W. L. SANSOM—never lets the Clarion Democrat get away from the Democratic text.

JOHN F. BROWN—used to be called a boss; sometimes they are necessary.

HAYS FRAMPTON—is a big man any way you take him.

J. W. GREENLAND—holds down an official chair at the Warren insane asylum.

REV. C. O. MEAD—did a little pipe-lining before he went to preaching.

HARRY WALTERS—ought to change his last name to Walker.

MARION ANCHORS—stole a girl from the home of the writer.

JOHN R. GRANT—will wait on you while you wait.

H. M. BENNETT—is not hard to deal with, if he does deal in hardware.

GEORGE KIEL—is all wool and a yard wide any place you find him.

HUGH GILMORE—prescribed for a party that had a weak heart, and cured it.

JUDGE GEORGE S. CRISWELL—was in the Legislature with the writer.

NICK MACKIN—has done many stunts on the political stump.

A. C. HARDING—speaks two languages, one for his guests, the other for tramps.

FRANK RUSSELL—has more sand at the mill than at other places and times.

JUDGE H. R. WILSON—allows no interference in the running of his court.

DON C. CORBETT—can swell the heads of a jury with his eloquence.

JUDGE JAMES B. KNOX—was one of the grand men of Clarion county.

JUDGE WM. L. CORBETT—had a wide reputation as a profound lawyer.

PETE TOY—has horses in his livery that are real old toys.

FRED TURNER—has sat in a cab on the Valley R. R. for over thirty years.

I. G. BUTTERFIELD—has looked through the ticket window at Emlenton since 1879.

SAM TIPPERY—can tell you about towing boats up Oil creek in the sixties.

T. F. YOUNG—got his start as a teamster on Oil creek.

ROGER M. SMILEY—father of the two finest boys on earth.

Why go on? The list could be extended to thousands of the best men that ever lived. All of them personal acquaintances, and I am vain enough to claim a majority as my friends. If, however, I over estimate in this respect, it does not change my right to remember them.

The dew dries up,
The star is shot,
The fight is past
And man forgot.

—A. W. S.

April 9, 1963

Dear Daddy—

I've just returned from "The Derrick" newspaper office in Oil City where the hunt for "a Few Scraps" ended. We know # now it's a rare book and maybe someday will be valuable as it's out of print + The Derrick who published it only has 3 copies and sold one of them to me but want to keep the other two for reference! I'm so happy I could get it for you and had hoped to have it in time for your birthday! So I am belatedly sending it

today as the second installment of your birthday gift with our love & best wishes. I shall try to answer Mother's good letter soon but spring came & made a delinquent of me! The Trailing Arbutus is blooming in the woods - just superb! Love Anne & Bill

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